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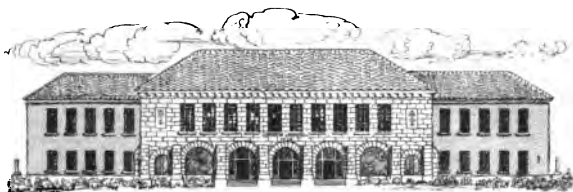
BRUMBAUGH'S STANDARD THIRD READER



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BRUMBAUGH'S STANDARD READERS

THE STANDARD THIRD READER

BY

MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH

PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



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PREFACE.

THE presentation of the subject of reading to a child involves two distinct aspects. Elementary reading, so called, is reading for the purpose of learning how to read. Advanced reading, so called, is reading for the knowledge and culture acquired thereby.

At the beginning and at the end of the reading process these aspects are clearly defined. The beginning is manifestly a process of language-mastery. The end is just as clearly a process of fact-gathering and of mental discipline or culture. But the transition from the former to the latter is not abrupt. Throughout the process there is a lessening of the mechanical processes and a corresponding increase in the emphasis to be given to the true ends of reading—culture and information.

A Third Reader represents approximately the middle ground, and must present both aspects of the reading process. It is the last book of the series in which formal language-mastery is presented directly to the child. At the completion of this reader the child should read naturally and appreciatively.

The amount of conscious effort required to read should gradually lessen as the child advances in the grades. This means that the child's progress in reading is greater than the progressive difficulties of gradation. Simply to master the increasingly complex forms of the language of the series is by no means a criterion of satisfactory results. The increasing ease with which the reading is done is the true measure of advancement.

The Third Reader marks an advance in the thought-range of the subject-matter of the series. In the more elementary

books of the series the child learned to interpret his own sense realm, his own environment, into language. The scope of his knowledge is now to be enlarged. He must now learn that the language symbol is of universal application ; that by means of it one becomes conversant with that larger and less familiar realm of incident and of fact lying beyond the range of sense ; that, in short, the child is now to read himself into a conscious "at-homeness" with the entire realm of knowledge. Reading thus becomes to him not only the "seven-leagued" boots by means of which he outstrides his environment, but also the "charmed rug of Darius" by means of which he simply wishes, and lo ! he is at home in any land and with any incident he cares to know.

To gratify this universalizing desire of the awakened mind of childhood typical lessons are presented. Biography, historic incident, nature lore, racial traits, and kindred themes are placed before the child to cultivate his powers of mind and to arouse within him an abiding love for reading. Numerous poetical selections are incorporated into the text to create a love for the highest forms of literature, and to impart an ethical sequel to many of the prose selections.

The purpose of these selections is thus two-fold : to complete the fundamental processes of learning to read, and to introduce the child through carefully graded typical lessons to the rich realm of literature. It is confidently believed that these aims are of such transcendent significance that their attainment will amply compensate for the suppression of all subsidiary purposes. To attain these ends naturally, surely, and clearly is the mission of this reader.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for copyright poems used by permission of and special arrangement with them ; and to Little, Brown & Co. for permission to use "October's Bright Blue Weather" and "Choice of Colors," both written by Helen Hunt Jackson.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

To teach reading well is an achievement well worth the best efforts of the teacher. During the time spent upon a Third Reader the pupil should master the process, and at the end of this time he should read understandingly and appreciatively. This grade is to prepare the pupil for formal literary interpretation. One can now afford to be exacting with the pupil. See that the pose of the body; the articulation and pronunciation of words; the proper use of the voice, including pitch, rate, volume, quality, and accent; and an appreciation of the sentiment of the selection receive the most exacting attention.

The dangers at this stage of advance seem to be an inclination to condone mistakes and to be content with naming the words in order. There results a decrease of interest in reading. Little is given because little is expected. The pupil stops short at reading. He should be trained to read well. The difference between reading and reading well means everything for subsequent reading. It is important, too, at this stage of advance to provide abundant supplementary reading. The introduction of new studies provides new avenues of thought. One lesson a day in reading will scarcely emphasize this study enough to make it a growing interest to the child. To neglect reading for the sake of other studies will not contribute to the reading-habit, nor will it secure increased results in the other studies of this grade.

The teacher should see that no pupil is advanced beyond this book until he has mastered the process of thought-getting from the printed page. No amount of reading in formal literature can atone for imperfect work in the grades embraced within the scope of the first three books of the series.

Particular attention is called to the arrangement of exercises in this book. There is no alternation of prose and of poetry simply to secure variety. The prose exercise unfolds a fact. The poem that follows lifts the fact to the threshold of the emotional life. If the emotional life is touched, the reading is sympathetic; and, what is of more moment, the conduct of the child will be in harmony with the spirit of the selection. This is the ethical significance, the character-building value in reading.

Many of the poems here presented are so chaste in language as well as in thought that it is of prime importance to have them memorized. Standards of literary appreciation are thus established permanently in the mind. A love for the beautiful as well as the true will result.

Let the reading of the text be the final step in the teaching process. The drill upon pronunciation and definition of words, the discussion of meaning and purpose of statement, the analysis of constructions, the appreciation of sentiment, and all other processes for a just interpretation of the text should be given before the pupil is asked to read. Have the entire class read the selection, or a part of it, silently before formal instruction begins.

Nothing is of greater moment than to inculcate the reading-habit—a habit of the highest significance. The pupil that acquires the reading-sense, the habitual desire to read, will become fairly well informed and in a sense educated through this means alone. Sad, indeed, is the life-prospect of the person that does not habitually seek the companionship of good books.

The illustrations accompanying the text will be found admirably adapted to language-work. This language-work should be given orally by the pupil and in language of his own. This should be followed by a written exercise, an exercise which is an end within itself. Oral language-work is vastly more conducive to good reading than written language-work. What the pupils write should be read in the same manner and with the same care as the printed selection.

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THIRD READER.

tě'r'ror à lārms' dīs māy' fōe hŷmns cōn sīst'ed
bē trāy' cōn tāined' těr'rl ble

I.—A STRANGE WALL.

Once a poor family lived in a lonely hut in great fear. It was winter. Around the hut raged a fierce storm and into the room swept the snow. It was bitter cold.

The family consisted of five persons—the aged grandmother, the parents, and two children.

Why was it that they were filled with fear?
Was it the storm that caused them such terror?

In the distance sounded the alarms of war. The foe were marching down upon the poor people. In their path was death. From the windows the family could see the glare of the fires that had already been started around many homes.

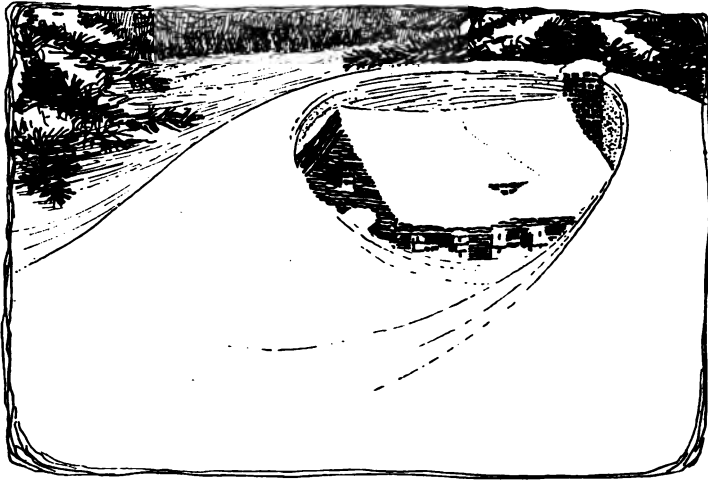
As night came on the sky was red with the flames of burning farm-houses. The roar of storm and of battle made the night terrible. No one thought of sleep.

The curtains were drawn close that no light might betray them.

The family sat silently about the table. They did not know what moment death might come to them. The old grandmother opened and read from her prayer-book. The book contained a number of hymns. In one of the hymns which she read aloud were these words, "Build a wall about us."

The father of the family looked up in dismay and said, "The building of a wall is not possible now: no; not with God."

The old grandmother replied, "Do not say that. God will find a way if it is His will to do so."



The night passed in great fear and anxiety. The break of day came at last. Not one soldier had come to the lonely hut.

At last the son, a stout young man, opened the door to look out. Behold! the storm had piled a mighty wall of snow about the house. This wall of snow had hidden the lonely hut of the poor family from the eyes of the foe.

Then the old grandmother fell upon her knees and said, "Lord, Thou hast builded a wall about us. Blessed be Thy name."

II.—GOOD MORNING.

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the stone;
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world.

Em'pĕr or dĕ fĕnd'ed rĕ sĭst'ance sŭr rĕn'dĕr
 cŏn clŭd'ed dĕ spĕir' sŭr round'ed

III.—WHAT THEY LOVED BEST.

In the year 1140 the Emperor Conrad led an army against the town of Weinsburg. The good people of Weinsburg defended their city long and well. The Emperor demanded the surrender of the city. His demand was refused.

Then Conrad grew very angry. He declared he would capture the city, take the men, and kill them with the sword. His threat

was not heeded. The noble men of Weinsburg were defending wives and children and homes. They were brave and watchful.

Conrad could not storm the place. He concluded at last to starve the town into a surrender. The army surrounded the walls of the city and kept all persons from going in or out. This lasted for three months. At last the food of the people in the town was gone. The children were crying, the women were praying, the men were in despair.



They decided to open the gates and beg for mercy at the Emperor's feet. The Emperor was angered by their long resistance. He declared that he would take their heads off with the sword.

At this moment a long train of weeping women marched into the Emperor's camp and begged to be spared.

The tears of the women touched the heart of the Emperor. He told the women they and their children should be spared. He also told them that they might march out of the city, taking with them whatever they loved best.

The women thanked him and hurried home full of joy. These women knew what they loved best. Soon they came marching by the camp with the men on their backs!

At first Conrad was angry at the women, and exclaimed, "It was not meant that you should do this."

But he soon began to laugh heartily. He spared the entire town and marched away. The love of noble women had saved the lives of brave men.

lau'rēl ār'bor sēn'sī ble gā'biēs stāring bēech es
frāil'er



IV.—NEST EGGS.

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated ;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.



Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

cōllēge cōm'fōrt āble tow'ēred pēr mī'ssion
prō dūce' prīnts rām'ble clō'ver bōr'rōw

V.—JOHN'S HELPER.

John Lock lived in New England. His
home was on a farm. Around his house

towered the great White Mountains. It was a beautiful place to live.

The ground around was rough and poor. The soil did not produce much grain. But



John's father was a good farmer and managed to make a comfortable living for his family. He also taught his children to work. There were no idle hands in Mr. Lock's house.

John was the oldest child. He loved his

home, and liked to ramble over the rocks and through the forests that grew near his home.

The boy was now twelve. He went to the nearest school, and by hard study was nearly ready for college. In two years he would be ready to leave home and enter a good college.

One day John went to his father and said, "Father, I am thinking of college, and would like to have your permission to go in two years, if my studies then fit me."

"My son, I am glad you wish to go to college; but I am sorry that I cannot give you the money to go."

"Well, father, I've thought of that," said John, "and I know you cannot give me the money. Give me your permission and I will try to get the money for myself."

"Gladly, my son, do I give you my permission; but how can you get the money? You know it is not wise to borrow money."

"I do not mean to borrow it," was John's reply; "I only want a chance to earn it. I have a plan."

"Very well, if you wish to earn the money, I shall be only too glad to have you do so."

John's heart was glad. His plan was at once carried out. Three years before this time John's mother had given him a fine calf. He had taken great care with it, and now it was a beautiful brown and white cow.

This cow was to send John to college. How could she do it? John drove her out to the best pasture and gave her clear cool water to drink.

Under his care she became the best cow in all that country. He would often sit with his book in his hand and watch her eat the fresh green grass, and long for the day when he had saved money enough to enter college.

John's mother helped him in every way. She milked the cow and kept the milk in cool spring water. She also took pains to make the butter into nice little prints, with a clover-leaf stamped on each one.

These beautiful prints John carried to market and sold at a high price. The butter was so good that it brought an extra price.

The "Clover-leaf Brand" was so much in demand that John could not bring as much to market as the people wanted.

He saved the money, and taught his brother

James how to care for his pet cow and to sell the butter in the market.

At the end of two years he had saved enough money to take him to college. John was a happy boy. He gave James charge of his pet cow, thanked his parents for their great help, and went to college.



This is another lesson to teach a boy, that if he really wants to go to college he can find a way or make it.

Sāge Rěv ỏ lū'tion ể'r'ands vắ'ũ à ble
 ligh't'ning ẽ lểc trắ'ỷ tỷ hắnd'kẻr chắef
 knủ'ckle.

VI.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin lived more than a hundred years ago. People are still asking how he ever learned so many things; for he was so wise he was called the "Sage of the Revolution."

Ben was a poor boy. He could not go to school after he was ten years old. But the boy was really his own teacher.

His father made soap and candles. He set Ben to cut wicks for the candles, sell soap, and run errands. When he was not busy at his tasks, Ben was busy reading good books.

He did not spend his few pennies for toys and candy. He saved them until he had enough to buy a book.

He was so fond of books that his father sent him to learn to print them. The printing-office belonged to Ben's older brother. Here, when his day's work was done, he often sat up late at night reading books that a friend had loaned him.

Ben's brother was to give him his food. The boy thought he could live without meat; so he offered to cook for himself if his brother would give him in money half as much as it



cost to pay for his food. His brother agreed to this gladly. Then Ben lived on bread and water, saved his money, and bought more books.

He gathered a large number of books and became a learned man. But he wanted to know more. He wanted to know what lightning is. Nobody knew. Ben was not willing to say he did not know. How do you think he found out?

He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, so that it would fly in a rain-storm. To the top of the kite he fastened a wire. One stormy night he and his son went out under a cowshed and sent his kite up into the sky.

He held his knuckle to a key that he had tied to the end of the kite string. A tiny spark flashed from the key to his knuckle. He had found out the secret of the storm. The lightning was electricity.

Franklin was born in Boston, but he lived in Philadelphia. In the dark days of the Revolution he was one of the bravest and wisest men in the country. He helped to plan the laws for our beloved land, and was everywhere spoken of as the wise Franklin.



VII.—THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high,
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid.
 I felt you push, I heard you call;
 I could not see yourself at all—

 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!



O you that are so strong and cold,
 O blower, are you young or old?
 Are you a beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!



VIII.—HOW GLASS WAS DISCOVERED.

Long, long ago a band of Phœnician sailors were driven by a storm upon the coast of Palestine. They were weary and hungry.

They set about to build an oven of stones upon which to set their kettles to cook some food. The shore was one vast stretch of sand. Not one stone could be found.

They remembered that they had blocks of

saltpeter on their vessels. They soon brought a number of blocks to the shore and set their kettles upon them.

Under the kettles they built a blazing fire. The meal was cooked and the men ate heartily.

In the meantime the fire had done a strange thing. The blocks of saltpeter were melted. The wood was burned to ashes. The hot sand of the seashore had in some way become mixed with the ashes and the saltpeter.

When the sailors raked the ashes away they found a mass of clear, hard, brittle stuff. It was glass.

In this way men discovered how to make glass. It soon was made into beads, toys, and other simple articles.

Now glass is used in many ways. We know how well it lights our houses by means of windows. Do you know that it is now made into bricks, and these bricks are used to build houses and to pave streets?

The beautiful dishes of all colors that are found in so many houses are made of glass and colored with some mineral substance.

Glass is not as brittle as we sometimes

think. It has been drawn out into thin threads like silk and made into dresses and coats.

At Paris in 1878 a bonnet was shown that was made entirely of glass. Its feathers, ribbons, and lining were all made of spun glass.

If you make a list of uses to which glass has been put, you will see how great a service it now renders to mankind.



IX.—THE DANDELION.

There was a pretty dandelion,
With lovely fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.

But, oh, this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray ;
And, sad to tell, her charming hair
Blew many miles away.

Al ăx ăn'dēr Dī ōg'ē nēs Cōr'inth cōn'quēr or
 ă dōrn' măn'tle lăn'tēr cră'zŷ

X.—ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Did you ever hear of the man that lived in a tub? That man was Diogenes, a wise man of Corinth.

Diogenes loved to live a plain, simple life. He hated all the ways of the proud and showy people about him. He thought it folly to spend so much time to adorn the body and so little to adorn the mind.

He wore an old, ragged mantle, went barefoot, and carried a beggar's bag upon his back.

One day he was seen walking the streets with a lantern in his hand. The sun was shining. The people thought he was crazy.



One man was bold enough to ask him a question :

“Diogenes, pray tell me why you carry a lighted lantern at noon? Have you lost something? What are you looking for?”

The wise man answered, “I am looking for an honest man.”

He once saw a boy drinking from the hollow of his hand. Diogenes thereupon threw his drinking-cup away, and declared he too could drink from the hollow of his hand.

The odd life and wise sayings of this man made him famous.

When Alexander, the conqueror of the world, came to Corinth, he at once decided to visit this famous wise man. He found Diogenes resting before his tub where the sun might shine upon him.

As Alexander drew near, Diogenes scarcely lifted his eyes to look at the mighty king. Alexander talked a long time with him, and found his answers wise and valuable.

At length the king said, “Diogenes, I am King Alexander; ask me any favor you will, and I shall gladly grant it.”

Diogenes thanked the king and said, "Get out of my sunshine."

Alexander did so at once. His soldiers laughed at this foolish wish, and began to say unkind things of the wise man. But the king ordered them to be quiet, and added, "Truly were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

In'dians wíldēr nēss wíg'wam cá nōe' war'rior
sifted ärchēd

XI.—HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

Far in the West, among the Rocky Mountains, live the Indians. Before white men came to America these Indians lived where the cities of white people now stand. Then the country was a vast wilderness.

The Indians lived in wigwams, and gained a livelihood by hunting and fishing. The leader of a tribe of Indians was called a chief. He was a brave, strong man, loved and followed by all his people.

Once there was an old chief who lived in the woods by a beautiful river. His wigwam was in a lovely spot.

Over it arched the great forest trees. In these trees the birds built their nests, and down through their limbs and leaves sifted the sunshine. The river rolled swiftly to the sea. Here the old chief sat and thought.



Around him were the wigwams of his people. Under the tall trees played the happy Indian children. The old chief saw none of these things. He was silent and sad.

He had only one son. The chief loved to go to war. He wanted his son to become a great warrior. The boy did not care for war.

He loved to push his light canoe over the bright waters, and to sit under the trees and listen to the music of the birds.

The boy did not want to go to war. He wanted his people to love one another and to live in peace.

The old chief at last decided to take the boy far into the forest to a little wigwam where he would have to live all alone. Here in the lonely forest the old chief thought his son would become a great warrior.

Here the father left his son for seven days and nights. Then the old chief came to see him, and brought him a nice breakfast.

But the boy was not there! He called loud and long for his son, but received no answer.

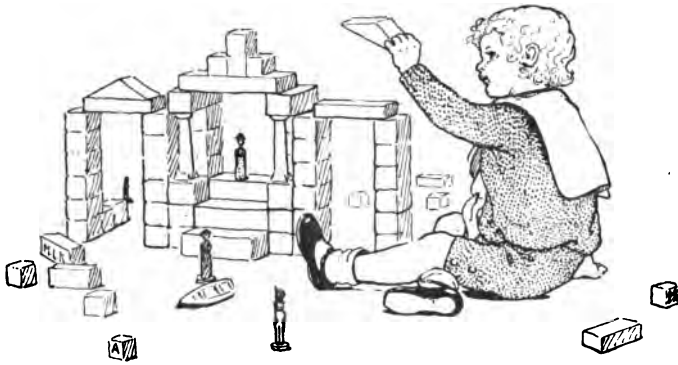
The chief heard a strange bird singing in a tree. He looked up. The bird had a red breast and a brown coat. It said to the old chief,

“I am a bird now ; but I am still your son. Every year I shall come to tell you spring is near. I shall come with buds and blossoms, and try to make my people happy. I do not want my people to go to war.”

The Indians believe that the bird with a red breast and a brown coat came in this way.

Do you know what bird this is? Have you seen him in the spring? Does he still come? Do you think the Indians really know how the Robin came?

că'stles sō'fa ēs tāb'līsh pāl'ā ces kirk mōōred
tēm'ples här'bōr



XII.—BLOCK CITY.

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me :
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may
ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored :
Hark to the song of the sailors on board !
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things !

Now I have done with it, down let it go !
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea ?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the
men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

Hōllānd dīke pēas'ants coŭr'āge trīcklīng
dē stroy' sē cūre'

XIII.—THE BOY AT THE DIKE.

Far away across the blue sea is a low, flat land. It is called Holland. The land is so low that the people build walls along the sea to keep out the waters. These walls are called dikes.

These dikes save the people from the angry sea. Behind these walls they live in safety, unless there is a break in the dike. Then the waters rush in and carry death to the poor peasants.

Have you ever heard of brave little Peter, the boy whose courage saved the land and the lives of many people?

One lovely afternoon in autumn Peter's mother called him to her side, gave him a basket containing cakes, and told him to carry them to an old blind man who lived beyond the dike.

Little Peter set out on his errand with a glad heart. He was happy because he was doing a kindness to the poor.

He spent an hour with the blind man and then started home. As he walked along on the dike he noticed that the autumn storms had made the angry waves beat high against the dike.

He thought of his father, who worked hard all day to keep the dike strong and secure. He felt glad that the wall was so strong. Surely the sea could not break down this grand dike.

He stopped to gather some flowers for his mother and to listen to the waves dashing against the dike.

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was setting. It was growing dark, and he was yet a long distance from home.

He was just on the point of running for his home when he heard a strange sound. He paused. What! He heard a low, clear, trickling sound. He knew what that meant.

Dropping his blossoms, he was up the bank in a moment. There was a small hole in the wall, through which a tiny stream was flowing.

It was a break in the dike! He had no time to call for help. Hundreds of lives de-

pended upon his act. He gave a cry of fear and thrust his arm into the hole. The flow of the water was stopped.

He called for help; but no one came.



Night settled over the stormy sea. The boy was alone in the lonely night. It grew cold. His arm ached. He became numb. He tried to whistle. His teeth chattered. He could not whistle. He wished for help, for morning, for rest. Once he was on the point of drawing his arm away. No; he could not do that. The angry waters would rush through and destroy the entire town.

Bravely he suffered and waited. In the early dawn the village pastor, walking on the dike, heard a groan. He ran to the poor boy's relief. Soon others came. The hole in the

dike was closed. Peter was lifted carefully into the strong arms of grateful men and, almost too near death to know what it meant, he was carried home.

His mother had not slept. She was watching for her son. She saw the men carrying her boy home. Her heart was filled with fear, until she heard a glad shout. It was the pastor who called to her:

“Give thanks; your son has saved our land, and God has saved his life.”

Many years have gone since then. But when the sea roars and the storm sweeps from the north, the people of Holland tell their children of brave little Peter, whose courage saved the land.

quĭck'sĭl vēr pĕn'cĭl stĕam'bōat Clĕr'mōnt
pās'sĕn gers smōke'-stăck dĭs'tance
ĭn vĕn'tion sŭc cĕss'fŭl

XIV.—THE STEAMBOAT-MAKER.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, lived a queer boy. He was always found in the shops and

mills watching the men at work and trying to make things for himself.

One day he was in a gun-shop. He asked the workmen for some quicksilver. The workmen asked him what he wanted with it. He would not tell. The men gave it to him and called him "Quicksilver Bob."

This boy's name was Robert Fulton. He was so busy making things that he often failed to learn his lessons. One day he came to school quite late.

"What makes you so late?" asked the teacher.

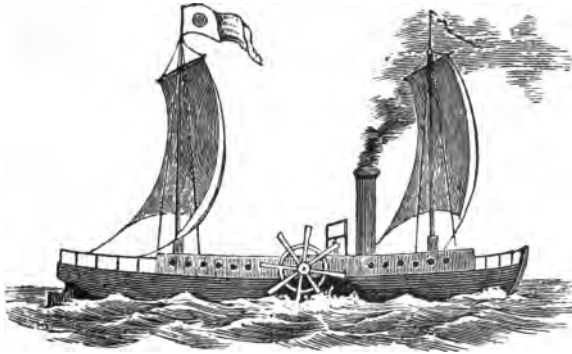
"I went to one of the shops to make myself a lead pencil," said "Quicksilver Bob," "and here it is. It is the best pencil I ever had." The teacher took the pencil and found it was the best one he had ever used.

At another time the teacher rapped Robert over the knuckles because he did not know his lesson. He did not like this any more than you would. "Sir," said he, "I came here to have something beaten into my head, not into my knuckles."

Like most boys, "Quicksilver Bob" liked

to go fishing. One day he and Chris Gumpf were fishing from a flat boat. The boys had to push the boat with long poles. It was hard work.

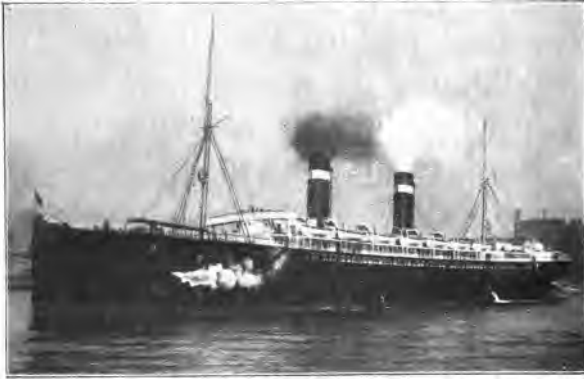
“I am tired pushing this old boat with a pole,” said Robert to Chris, “and I mean to make a paddle-wheel to push it for us.” He made the wheel, fastened it to the old flat boat, and the boys turned the wheel with a crank. The boys did not use poles any more.



THE CLERMONT.

Years after this, Robert Fulton built a successful steamboat. Most persons think it was the first steamboat, but it was not the first. John Fitch had made and run a steam-

boat on the Delaware River seventeen years before. Fulton named his boat "The Clermont." He built it in New York City, and said



THE ST. PAUL.

he would make it run up the Hudson River. When the people saw "The Clermont" they laughed. They said such an old thing could never move. The time came for Fulton to start his boat. A crowd stood on the shore. The black smoke rolled from the smoke stack. "The Clermont" began to move. There were no oars. There were no sails. She ran a short distance and stopped. The people on the shore laughed and said, "We told you so." Fulton tightened some bolts, and the boat

began to move again. Faster and faster it moved up the river. When the crowd saw that it did move they stopped laughing and began to cheer.

“Quicksilver Bob” was a hero. This was in 1807. Since then steamboats have been greatly improved, and now on every sea, defying storm and wave, they carry their passengers to all lands. Let us not forget that it was a Pennsylvania boy who thought out this great invention for the human race.

XV.—WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,

Away down the valley,
 Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
 A hundred miles or more,
 Other little children
 Shall bring my boats ashore.

mōt'tō ān'thēm strūg'gle ēn rīch'es whīr'ring
 lān'd'scāpe vīg'or ā lērt' pās'tūre rē hēār'sing

XVI.—MORNING AND EVENING.

Morning for labor; evening for repose.
 This is the motto of a wise man who makes
 it a rule to begin the work of the day quite
 early. This man is right. The boy or girl
 who sleeps the early hours away never lives
 the day wisely.

There is more than loss of hours when one
 wastes the early part of the day. There is
 loss of morning hours—the hours of labor.
 There is a brightness in the morning sun, a
 vigor in the morning air, that clears the

brain, enriches the blood, and cheers the heart.

In the morning all nature is awake and



alert. Yonder in the grove the birds are shaking the sweet slumber from their wings and singing a morning anthem. They flash the sparkle of the morning sun from their whirring wings. The air is flooded with music.

Beneath an old oak a group of happy sparrows is bathing in a stream. They chatter and scatter the water drops like spring showers.

The mountain stream that slept beneath a curtain of mist, breaks from its dreams, sings from rock to rock, and sweeps joyously on to the sea.

The young lambs are trailing over the dewy

grass. The mother sheep grazes peacefully beneath the thorn-bush.

The farmer is up with the dawn, and away with team and dog to his field and furrows. The milkmaid is filling the pails with rich, creamy milk, and the farm boy stands at the bars ready to drive the cows to the fresh, green pasture.

The stir and struggle of life have begun. Do not miss its first hours. Rise in the clear cool dawn and receive the best of Nature's gifts—the blessings of the dawn.



Morning is action ; evening is rest. As the twilight shadows fall upon field and forest, how much of the real rest of life comes to the weary worker ! The quiet of the evening is so restful. The noisy whirl of spindle and of

wheel is stilled. The fading landscape stretches to Dreamland.

In the heat of the day the insect world slept. Now it is awake. All about is heard the sweet music of Nature's smaller chorus.

Down by the pond a school of frogs is rehearsing for the night's chorus. There's a tinkle of a distant bell, low and sweet. It comes from the sheep-fold. Far away is heard the barking of a faithful watch-dog.

The air is stirred by a sweet song. It is the milkmaid's heart that overflows. Her heart is fragrant with pure, healthy, hopeful life. She sings to the birds and to the stars.

A star in the eastern sky calls a swarm of fire-flies from day-dreams to night-revels. See how the earth shadows are broken with sparkling flashes of light! There's a twitter of birds, a whirr of wings, a chirping of slumber songs, and the bird-world is asleep.

And all this is God's goodness, so planned as to bring to you and to me the greatest blessings.

Franklin is right, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

pŭp'pŷ kĕn'nĕl frŏg slŭnk à shāmed'
ĕn tĭrē'lŷ

XVII.—THE THREE PUPPIES AND THE FROG.

Once there were three puppies that lived in a kennel on a farm. They were fat and playful. One was white, one was black, and one was spotted. They would bark and run after the old cat when she came near.



One day the puppies were sitting in the sun, when one of them said, "See! Here comes a queer puppy."

It was a frog. It came up from the stream that ran near by to find some food.

The puppies ran to it and looked at it a long

time. The poor little frog did not know what to do, so it sat still and listened.

The white puppy said, "Well, well! you are a queer puppy. I never saw a puppy walk as you do."

Then the black puppy said, "You have no hair. I never saw such a puppy in all my life."

"And where is your tail?" cried the spotted puppy. "I never saw a puppy without a tail."

The poor frog did not know how to answer them. Just then the old mother dog came running up to see what was going on. She listened to the puppies and then said, "You are all wrong. This is not a puppy. This is a frog. You will never see a frog with a tail, I am sure."

Then the puppies slunk away and hid. They were ashamed of their words, and they thought they saw a merry twinkle in the frog's eye.

If the frog had thought of it soon enough it might have called out, "Oh, you puppies forget that the world is not made up entirely of dogs."



XVIII.—FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie
Adorned with flowers before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
 Farther and farther I should see
 To where the grown-up river slips
 Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
 Lead onward into fairy land,
 Where all the children dine at five,
 And all the playthings come alive.

Cēdrīc knīght rē sōlved' naughtȳ cāstle
 mēs'sāge sūffēr ēr

XIX.—LITTLE CEDRIC.

I.

There was once a little boy named Cedric. He lived in a stone hut at the foot of a huge hill. On the top of this hill stood an old castle. It was the home of a brave, good knight whose name was Sir Rollin.

Cedric loved to watch Sir Rollin and his noble men ride out of the castle, sweep down the hill, and gallop away over the plain.

One day little Cedric was playing with his

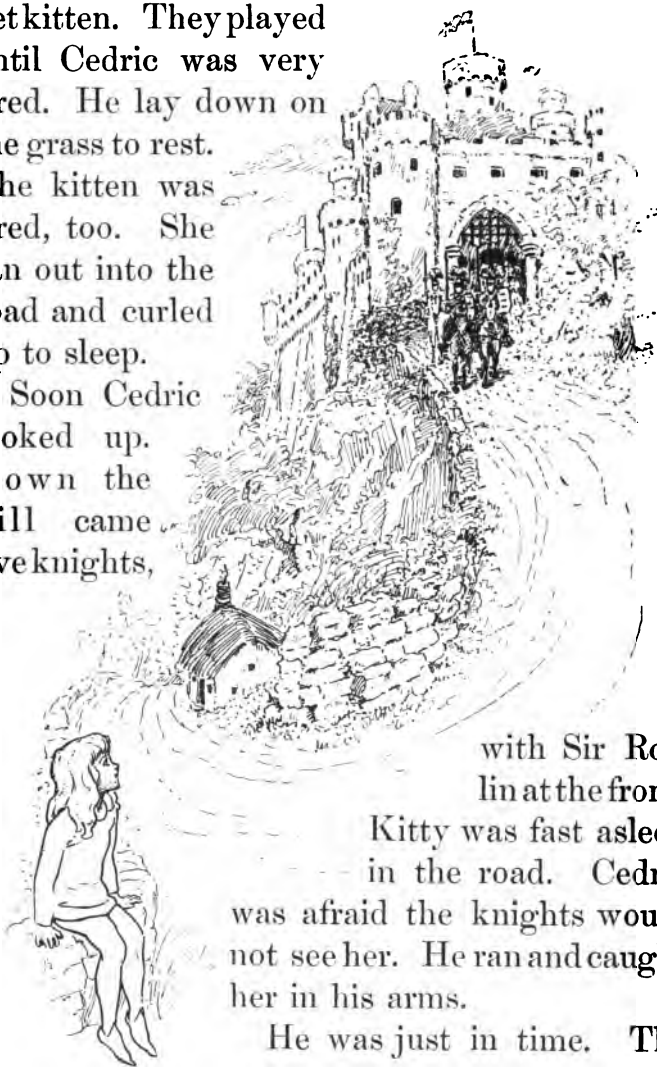
petkitten. They played until Cedric was very tired. He lay down on the grass to rest. The kitten was tired, too. She ran out into the road and curled up to sleep.

Soon Cedric looked up. Down the hill came five knights,

with Sir Rol-
lin at the front.

Kitty was fast asleep in the road. Cedric was afraid the knights would not see her. He ran and caught her in his arms.

He was just in time. The



knights swept by. One knight drew the rein of his horse, and said,

“My little man, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day.” Cedric’s heart beat with joy. He said to himself, “Shall I be a knight some day? I wish I could.”

That night he dreamed he was a knight. In his dream he heard his mother call to him. He opened his eyes. It was morning. He was only poor Cedric in his stone hut.

He dressed quickly and ran to help his mother. He helped her feed the horses and the cows. He washed the dishes and swept the room. Then Cedric told his mother what the knight had said to him. “Do you think I shall ever be a knight, mother?”

His mother looked at her brave, noble boy and said, “Knights have many hard things to do. You are a little boy. Do kind deeds now and trust for the future.”

One day the knights passed Cedric’s humble home again. They were very tired. One of them stopped and called to Cedric, “My little man, will you please give me a drink?”

Cedric ran and brought him a cup of cool,

fresh water. "Thank you," said he, "you are as kind as a knight."

How happy Cedric was at these words!

The days passed by and winter came. When Cedric was tempted to be rude or cross he thought of the kind knight. He resolved to be good, because he thought Sir Rollin and his knights would not want him to be naughty.

II.

Two years passed by. One day Cedric's father came home and said, "Sir Rollin wants a boy to be his page. Do you think our Cedric could do the work of a page?"

Cedric's mother said in reply, "I think he would try very hard. I want him to learn more about the knights. Perhaps he may be a knight some day."

This made Cedric very happy. His father, that very day, took Cedric to the castle.

Sir Rollin put his hands on the boy's head and asked, "Would you like to be a knight some day? Can you do hard work and be kind and brave and true?"

"I can try, sir;" was the answer of Cedric.

Cedric was given a small room. He slept on a bundle of straw. He had a sheep's skin to cover him. His food was very simple. He had to stand straight and run rapidly and obey quickly.

Cedric did his duty so well that Sir Rollin learned to trust him fully. Years passed by. Cedric was almost a man. One day Sir Rollin said,

"Cedric, I wish you to carry a message to the king. It must reach him to-morrow. I am sure I can trust you to do this for me."

Cedric was very happy. He was soon ready. He mounted a noble horse and rode away. At last he came to a dense forest. It was dark and lonely. "If I am to be a knight," thought he, "I must be brave."

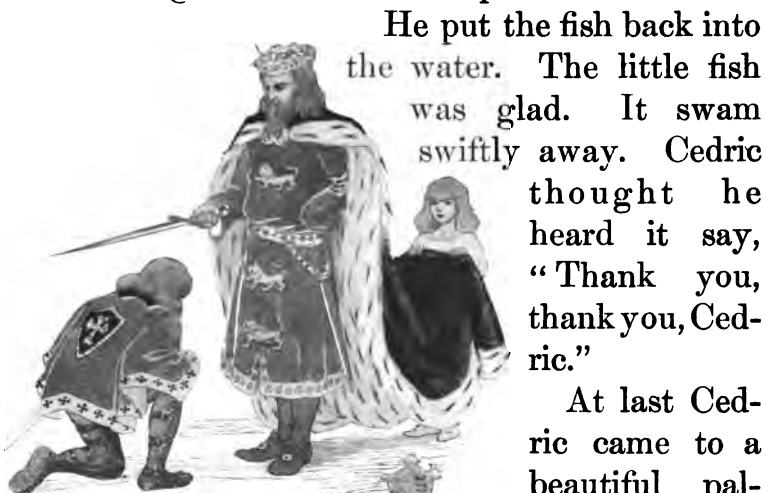
As he rode on he heard a growl. It was a wild boar, with eyes like fire, coming at him.

Cedric had heard of this wild boar. No one was able to kill it. Cedric thought, "If I can kill it, the people will be glad."

He lifted his spear and hurled it at the wild boar and killed it. Then he rode rapidly away.

He saw a little fish on the ground. It was

trying to get back into the water. "Poor thing," said Cedric, "I have no time to help you." Then he thought, "A knight would take time to help a poor sufferer. If I am to be a knight, I must be a helper."



He put the fish back into the water. The little fish was glad. It swam swiftly away. Cedric thought he heard it say, "Thank you, thank you, Cedric."

At last Cedric came to a beautiful palace. The king lived in it. Cedric rode up and gave the king Sir Rollin's letter. The letter told the king that Cedric was brave and true. The letter also said, "Cedric wants to be a knight some day."

The king liked Cedric, and asked him to become a soldier. Cedric consented to this gladly, and served the king many years.

One day the king sent for Cedric. He knelt before the king. The king touched him with his sword and said, "Rise, Sir Cedric."

Cedric was a knight at last; and a true knight he was! He spent his years in deeds of kindness and usefulness. He was the kind of a knight every boy can be.

cí cā'dā	lō'cūst	ŷn'sēct	ŷn'strū ment
	gauze	shrill	

XX.—THE CICADA.

"What a queer, shrill sound that is!" said James to his teacher one day as they were walking in the woods.

"That is the cry of a cicada, or locust," said his teacher. "Let us try to find it."

They listened a long while, and at last they heard it again. It was just above their heads in an elm tree.

The teacher said he thought they might find one in the grass. James looked carefully until, with a shout, he cried, "Here, here is one!"



They sat down and watched it carefully.

"It is an insect," said the teacher. "Now, James, tell me how its body is marked."

"The upper part of its body," said James, as he turned it over with a stick, "is black, marked with green lines. The under part is white."

"Now, notice its wings," said the teacher, holding it in his hand.

"Its wings are thin as gauze, and it has four: two large and two small ones."

"That is correct, James; and now tell me what else you can about it."

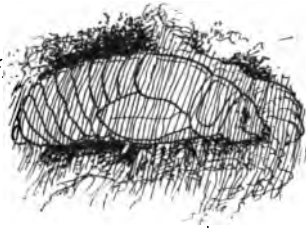
"Its eyes stand out from the sides of its head. It has six legs, and each leg ends in a large claw."

"Yes, James," said the teacher; "and you remember we heard one sing in the elm tree."

We say it sings, but the cicada does not really sing. It has a little instrument on each side of its body. With these it makes the noise we heard. There, you can hear it again."

"How do they grow?"
asked James.

"The mother cicada stings the branches of the trees and lays her eggs in the holes she makes in the branches.

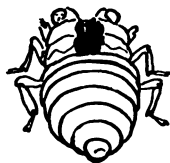


"When the eggs are hatched, out creeps a little worm. This falls to the ground; and, as it then has no wings, it crawls into the ground. This worm makes its way to the roots of the trees. Upon these roots it feeds.

"By and by it comes to the top of the ground again. But a wonderful thing happens to the cicada now. Its shell



cracks open down the back. It pushes out its head, draws out its body, and walks away."



"Oh, yes; I see," cried James; "that is why I found so many shells with the backs cracked open."

"Just so," answered his teacher.

In Greece long ago the people kept these little insects in cages, because they loved to hear them sing.

mā'ple	wrăp'pēr	tăs'sĕls	pŏplars
	fīrstlīng	brīmmed	

XXI.—PUSSY WILLOW.

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
 The maple sap is running,
 And on the highest elm a crow
 His coal-black wings is sunning.
 A close, green bud, the Mayflower lies
 Upon its mossy pillow;
 And sweet and low the south wind blows,
 And through the brown fields calling goes,
 "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
 Within your close brown wrapper stir;
 Come out and show your silver fur:
 Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"



Soon red will bud the
maple trees,
And bluebirds will
be singing,
And yellow tassels in
the breeze
Be from the poplars
swinging ;
And rosy will the May-
flower lie
Upon its mossy pil-
low ;

“ But you must come the first of all ;
Come, Pussy ! ” is the south wind’s call.

“ Come, Pussy ! Pussy Willow !
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year :
Come, Pussy ! Pussy Willow ! ”

Spār'ta ān'cīent cōm'pā nŷ rēeds rūshes
 Ath'ēns à rē'nà dē fēnd'



XXII.—THE BOYS OF SPARTA.

A part of ancient Greece was called Sparta. The people of Sparta loved their country and gladly gave their lives to defend it.

One of their wise men was asked what the people might do to help their country. He said, "Make the youth of the country strong."

So Sparta had schools in which the boys were made strong. The boys, at seven years of age, were put into companies. These com-

panies played games. The winners of the games were made captains.

These companies did much hard work in order to make the youth very strong. They also became brave and true.

They gathered reeds and rushes from the river. With these reeds and rushes they made beds. The water was cold and the river was full of stones; but these Spartan boys did not mind the cold and the stones. They always worked bare-footed.

Their beds were very hard. They would have been ashamed to lie on a soft bed. Do you think it makes a boy strong to lie on a hard bed?

These boys had no tools. They worked with their bare hands. They ate coarse food. They never tasted sweets. They worked hard for their food. Perhaps it tasted all the better for this.

In the great games of Greece these Spartan boys often won. One Spartan boy once won a game. Some one offered him money. He said, "I do not want money. Let me go into battle with my king. Let me stand in the front."

Once a great number of boys went to see the games. On one side sat a crowd of boys from Sparta. On the other side was a great crowd of boys from Athens.

An old man came slowly into the arena. He was so feeble he could scarcely walk. He looked around for a seat. The seats were all taken.

The boys of Athens sprang up and called to the old man to come over and sit with them. He slowly made his way to them, glad to find a seat.

Just as he was about to sit down, all the boys of Athens sat down, filling the seats and laughing at the old man. They thought it great fun to fool him.

The Spartan boys then arose and called to the old man. He walked over to them. A Spartan boy took the old man by the arm and led him to a good seat.

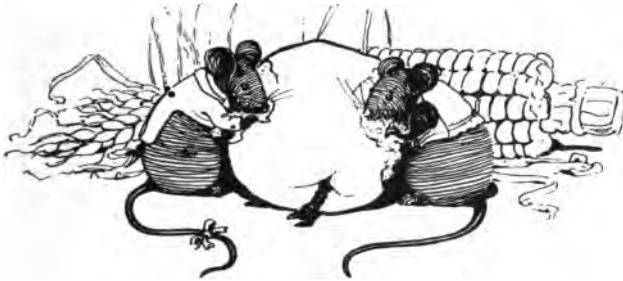
After he was seated all the boys of Sparta quietly sat down.

Then the old man said, "The boys of Athens know what is right, but the boys of Sparta do what is right."

chăt hŭn'grŷ mĕrrŷ dātes hon'ĕŷ frīght

XXIII.—TWO MICE.

A country mouse had a friend which lived in the city. The country mouse once asked the city mouse to come and dine with him.



The city mouse was glad to go. So away they went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat and apples.

When the meal was ended they began to chat. "Do you know," said the city mouse, "that you live an ant's life out here in the country? Why, I have all sorts of food and pleasure in my home. Won't you come and enjoy them with me?"

Now the country mouse had long wanted to see the city. So he answered, "My friend,

I shall be very glad to go with you to your city home."

They set out together, and just as it was growing dark they reached the city. When they came to the city mouse's home they were tired and hungry.

The city mouse showed his friend beans and meal, dates and honey, and cheese and fruit. The country mouse was delighted.

They ate, drank, and were merry.

The country mouse began to feel how poor his home really was. He said, "How rich you are; and how poor I am!"

Just then a man came into the room, and the mice ran and hid in a crack.

"Who was that?" asked the country mouse. "Do you often have such a fright?"

"Oh, that is nothing," laughed the city mouse. "The man often comes in while I am at my dinner. I run and hide, and when he is gone I return to my meal."

The country mouse shook his head. He was thinking. They began to eat some nice figs, when a maid came into the room to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese.

"Run for your life," cried the city mouse; and they were soon safe in a hole in the wall.

"Who was that?" asked the country mouse; "and do you often have to run from your meal because of her?"

"Oh," answered the city mouse, "I don't mind her. She never can catch me. I am too quick for her."

"But, my friend," said the frightened country mouse, "I could not be happy here. Hark! What is that?"

"Hush, hush, that's the old gray cat! Don't show yourself for your life."

The little country mouse sat still. His heart was beating wildly. At last all was quiet once more. Then he said,

"Do as you like, good friend; but as for me, I will go home, live on my poor food, and be glad that I live at a place where I fear no one."



XXIV.—THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE.

The city mouse lives in a house;
 The garden mouse lives in a bower;
 He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
 And sees the pretty plants in flower.


The city mouse eats bread and cheese;
 The garden mouse eats what he can;
 We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
 Poor, little, timid furry man.

dil'igēnt schōlār grāv'itŷ Eng'land
 bēllōws mŷstēr iēs cāl'cū lāte mŷschŷef

XXV.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Isaac Newton was a Christmas present. He was born on Christmas day, 1642, in a small village in England. Isaac was not a very diligent scholar; but he had good eyes. They saw more than the eyes of most boys see.

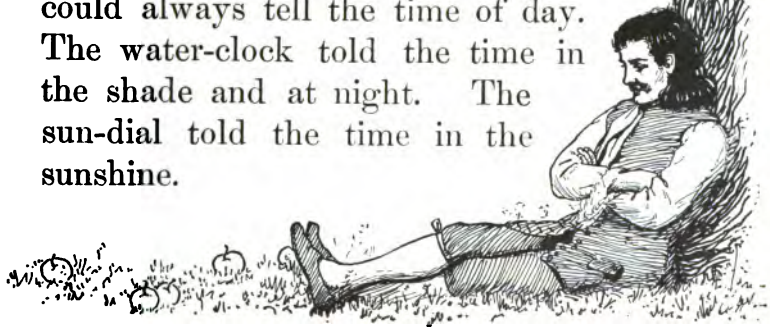
When but a small boy he often went to mill. He looked at the great wheels turning



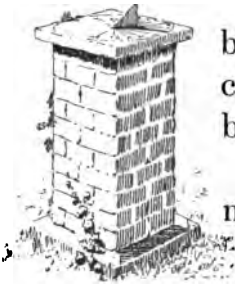
round and round. He decided to make a mill. He made a set of tools for himself, and with these he built a mill. It had sails. It was a wind-mill.

The sails were set in motion by a puff of wind or by a pair of bellows. Sometimes he would blow against the sails and turn them. When he put a handful of grains of wheat into the little hopper they were ground into snow-white flour.

He also made a water-clock and a sun-dial. With these his mother could always tell the time of day. The water-clock told the time in the shade and at night. The sun-dial told the time in the sunshine.



When little Isaac ran with the wind it seemed to push him along. When he ran against it, the wind seemed to hold him back. He thought about this a long time, and then decided to measure the speed of the wind. How do you think he did this?



He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the speed of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest.

When Isaac Newton became a man he often spent entire days alone. He would find a quiet place, sit down, and think over the great mysteries of nature.

One day he sat under an apple tree in deep thought. An apple fell from the tree and struck him on the head. He did not become angry as some boys I know would have done. He began to think about the falling of the apple. Why did it fall? Why do all things fall to the earth and not up into the sky?

At last he discovered the reason. The earth draws all things to itself. Why does it do so? He decided that the earth must

have a great force. He measured this force, and called it gravity. Gravity holds all things to the earth. It holds the mountains and the seas. The clouds cannot float far above the earth because gravity holds them down. This force is stronger than any giant.

Newton set to work to discover the laws of the sun and the stars and of light. For twenty years he worked at this great task. At last, when fifty years of age, he had almost finished his great work. His papers were lying on his desk. On the desk stood a lighted candle. On the floor his little dog, Diamond, was asleep before the fire.

Newton arose and left the room. Little Diamond wakened up, jumped upon the desk, and upset the candle. The papers took fire, and, just as the last of them was burning, Newton walked into the room. His years of study were for nothing. There stood little Diamond, the cause of the loss.

Some men would have killed the dog. But Newton patted the dog on the head, and said in a kind but sad voice, "Oh, Diamond, you little know the mischief you have done!"

Newton lived to be a very old man. He was loved and honored by all persons. He was never proud nor boastful. He said in his old days, "I seem to myself like a child playing on the seashore and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me."



XXVI.—SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her
head,
Could you make it whole by
crying
Till your nose and eyes were
red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas
dolly's
And not your
head that
broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
 Nor the way some people do,
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And isn't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can?

ān'ī māls shōul'dēr tēr'rī ēr mī's'chlēf clūmp
 mā's'tēr quār'rēl hērōes

XXVII.—RALPH'S PETS.

Ralph Jones was a bright boy. He was fond of birds and small animals. He had a cat and a dog. These he trained to obey him. They became great pets.

He called the dog Fido, and the cat Floss.

Floss was a large snow-white cat. Ralph taught her to jump through his arms, to cry for milk, and to climb up and sit upon his shoulder.

He would say to her, "Floss, come, jump through my arms and you shall have some sweet milk." When Floss did so, Ralph always gave her the milk. Floss learned to



trust and to obey Ralph, because he was kind to her.

Fido was a little black terrier. He was full of mischief. He would take Ralph's cap in his mouth and run away as fast as his legs could carry him. Ralph would call, "Fido,

Fido, bring back my cap." Then Fido would drop the cap, give a loud bark, and run back and leap up at Ralph's side.

One day Ralph missed his ball. He could not find it. He searched every room in the house. Fido ran after him and seemed to know what his master wanted to find. At last Fido gave a bark, as much as to say, "I can tell you where your ball is. Why don't you ask me?" Then Fido ran out into the yard.

Ralph looked out and saw Fido take the ball from a clump of grass under a tree. Fido had hid it there, and made his master hunt for it. It was fun for Fido, and Ralph did not scold. He was too fond of his dog to do that.

Fido and Floss became warm friends. Once they had a little quarrel over their food. But Floss curved her back and showed her claws when Fido snapped at her. Then Fido knew it was time to make peace with Floss. He did not want a sharp claw to scratch his nose.

Fido learned to climb a ladder and to walk

on two legs. He liked to play soldier; so did Floss. Ralph would beat his drum, and Floss and Fido would stand up and march like the bravest heroes.

One day as these two friends were sleeping on a rug, a bold little mouse pushed its nose through a crack in the wall and crept slyly into the room.

The mouse was hungry. It was looking for some cheese. The mouse thought it was safe, because the cat and dog were sound asleep. But Floss was dreaming of milk, and Fido could smell a mouse even in his sleep.

Floss opened her eyes and leaped for the mouse. Fido at the same time sprang for it. Floss and Fido ran together and rolled over on the floor. Before they knew what had happened the little mouse was safe and snug in his home.

Fido looked at Floss; Floss looked at Fido. Who was to blame?

The little mouse sat in a dark hole and said, "I am so glad both wanted me at the same time. That saved my life."

Giotto (jōt'tō) ärt'ist frēs'cōes sām'ples
 mēs'sen gēr dēc'ō rāte

XXVIII.—GIOTTO'S CIRCLE.



There once lived in Florence Italy,
 a famous artist named Giotto. Pope

Boniface wanted some
 frescoes painted on the
 walls of St. Peter's
 Church, Rome. A
 messenger was sent
 to get samples of
 Giotto's work.

On the way the
 messenger stopped
 and obtained samples
 from other artists.
 When Giotto was ask-
 ed, he seized a brush,
 dipped it into red
 paint, and drew so
 perfect a circle that it was a wonder.

Handing it to the messenger, he said,
 "Here is my drawing."

"Am I to have nothing but this?"

“It is enough and to spare,” said Giotto.

And when the samples were shown, the wonderful circle caused its maker to be chosen to decorate the beautiful church.

XXIX.—A FABLE.

The mountain and the
squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the
latter “little prig;”
Bun replied,
“You are doubtless very
big,

“But all sorts of things
and weather
Must be taken in to-
gether
To make up a year
And a sphere.

“And I think it no dis-
grace
To occupy my place.



If I am not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry;

"I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track;
 Talents differ; all are well and wisely
 put.
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

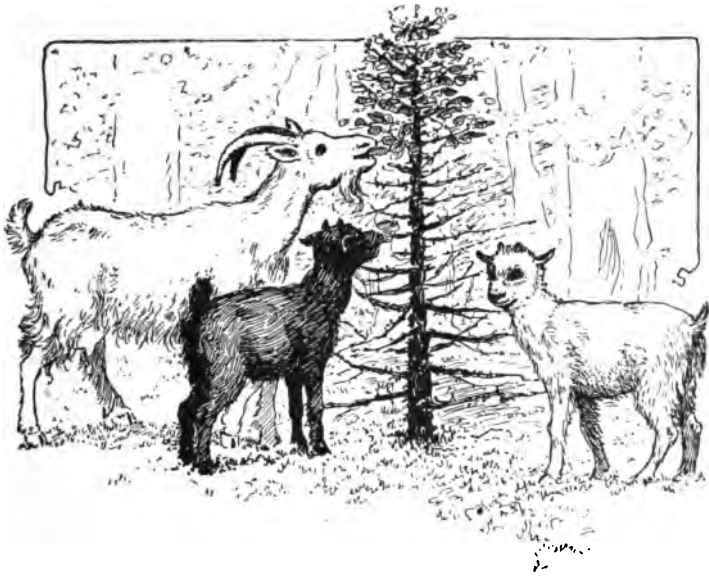
• —————

nēē'dles trēas'ūres rōb'bērs crŷ'stal
 cōn tēnt'ment

XXX.—THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

In a great forest grew a little pine tree. It looked around and saw the beautiful green leaves of the maple and other trees.

"How ugly my long needles are," said the pine. So it sighed and cried until at last a little fairy came to it. She said, "What is the matter?" "Oh," moaned the little pine tree, "I wish I had gold needles!"



It cried itself to sleep. When it awakened it found that it was covered with golden needles. How it shook its treasures! But its joy was short. That night robbers came to the forest and stripped the tree of all its riches.

Then it moaned and sighed with every breeze and cried. The little fairy again came and said, "What is the matter now, little tree?" "Would that I had asked for glass leaves!" At last it fell asleep. When it awakened the sun was shining on its beau-

tiful crystal leaves. But a storm came up. The wind blew and blew and broke every leaf.

Then the pine tree asked that it might have leaves just like other trees. Its wish was granted.

A goat and her little flock came into the forest that day. They saw the pine tree, and because it was small, the goats decided that its leaves would make a fine dinner. So they ate every leaf.

How the little tree waved its branches then, and begged that it might have its old needles back again! It had learned the lesson of content; but it was too late.

clōthes Iŕŕs flăx wēav'ng lŭn'ēn jew'ēls

XXXI.—HULDAH.

What is your name? Do you know what it means? Do you know any little girl named Huldah? Once people used to think there was a fair woman named Huldah who had charge of the weather. When the snow-flakes fell

they would say, "Huldah is shaking her bed." When it rained they said, "Huldah is washing her clothes." If they saw the long gray banks of clouds in the skies, they thought "Huldah is weaving."



Do you know how they said she gave flax to mankind? There was a poor peasant who lived in the mountains. Every day he watched his sheep or hunted the deer for food. Once

while he was climbing to find food he saw an open door in an ice-bank at the top of the mountain. Passing in he found himself in a cave. Long icicles hung from the roof. All the colors of Iris danced back and forth from them. Wonderful jewels shone in the walls.

But most beautiful of all was Queen Huldah, who sat there crowned with flowers. Frightened, he fell at her feet. The beautiful Huldah told him he might choose anything he saw to take home with him. The peasant asked for nothing but the little bunch of flowers she had in her hand. Pleased that he asked so little, Huldah gave him not only the flowers, but some seed.

The peasant
mountain and



climbed slowly down the mountain and took the gifts to his wife. She was angry that he had not brought some of the bright jewels instead of flowers. But they planted the seed. Soon little green plants came up. The plants were flax. Many little blue flowers opened their eyes to

the sun. When the seed was ripe, Huldah came to these poor people. She taught them to spin thread and weave cloth from the flax stalks. This cloth was linen.

Soon all the people around came to buy this linen, and then to get the seed. The poor peasant and his wife became very rich. The wife no longer scolded her husband for bringing only flowers and seeds.

gè ōg'ra phỹ brī'dles cŭs'toms joŭr'neỹ
dē scrībe' ũn dēr stānd'

XXXII.—WANTED, A MAP.

Another map, an' please you, sir!
For why, we cannot understand,
In all your great geography
There is no map of Fairyland.

Another map, an' please you, sir!
And afterward describe in full
How Fairyland is famed for pearls
And fleeces made from golden wool,

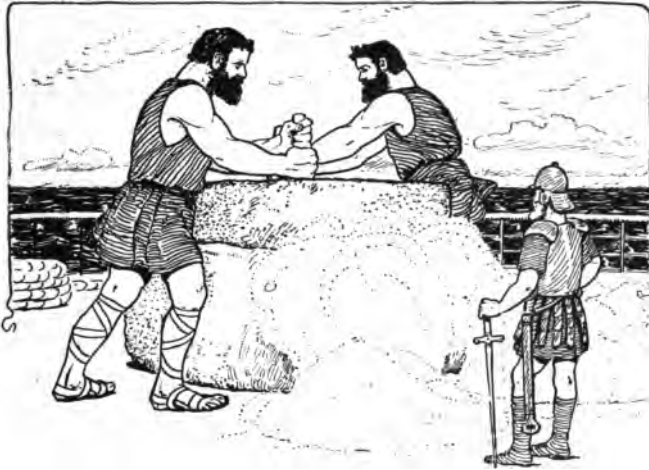


And prancing, gold-shod,
milk-white steeds,
And bridles set with
jewel-eyes;
Tell how the Fairy rivers
run,
And where the Fairy
mountains rise.

And of the Fairy-folk,
their ways
And customs, if it
please you, sir;
Then of the journey there
—how long
For any speedy trav-
eler.

Another map, an' please
you, sir!
And would you kindly
not delay!
Sister and I would dear-
ly like
To learn our lesson
there to-day.

Dēn'märk whirl'pōol Mæl'ström mäg'ic



XXXIII.—HOW THE SEA BECAME SALT.

The story is told that the King of Denmark was once given two magic millstones. They were so heavy that none of his men could work them, so he bought two giants as slaves.

When he brought them home he said to them, "Turn the millstones and grind me out gold, peace, and happiness." This they did until the land was rich in all good things.

But the king was not content, and bade them still grind on. He gave them a very short time to rest. Angry at last they changed

their song and began to grind out an army to destroy the greedy king. The leader of this army took the magic millstones and the slaves on his ship. But he was as selfish as the king. He bade them grind salt for him. It was worth much in those days.

Cruel as the king, he kept them working all the time. Round and round went the millstones, and the salt came pouring out. At last there was so much salt on board that the ship sank.

Do you know what became of the salt? There was so much of it that ever since all the waters of the sea have been salt. Where the ship went down it left a great deep hole. The waters rushed in to fill it up, and this made a whirlpool that is called the Mælstrom.

prēach'ēr lārċ stūm'bled chēeks wīlt'ēd
 chōked sprīn'kle pōrch

XXXIV.—LITTLE CHRISTEL.

One day at church little Christel heard the preacher say, "Even the youngest child may

help. Never a day should pass without some kindness done."

On the way home she thought, "How can I, so little and so poor, do anything for any one?"

Just then a lark sprang up from the grass near by. Little Christel sent a wish to the sky that she might be shown what to do.

Soon she came to a little child crying by his door. In his hand was a paper wind-mill. It would not move. He blew and blew until his little cheeks were quite red. The baby's breath could not stir the sails.

Little Christel bent over the child and set the sails going. As the child laughed, Christel said, "Happy wind-mill, that has but to turn to please some one!"

Near by grew a rose bush. It hung its head, faint with thirst. Christel hurried to the brook, made a nice, round cup of her hands, and carried water to the dry roots, until the plant lifted up its wilted flowers. Then, thought Christel, "Happy brook, you have done some good to-day."

As she ran by the side of the brook she saw

that some great, rough stones were stopping its course. The water seemed choked as if it said, "How I wish these stones were gone." The little girl took off her shoes and moved one stone and then another, and when she took away the third the brook sang as if it would say, "Thank you."

Just then, looking up to hear the lark, she stumbled and fell.

The little brook flowed on as before.

The little lark sang sweetly.

The little baby played at the cottage door. But why did not little Christel rise?

When she fell she struck her head on one of the stones and could not rise.

The stream crept close to where she lay and said, "You helped me and I will help you. I will sprinkle your face and bathe your eyes until you open them."



Then the rose bush leaned over and said, "You helped me and I will help you." It tapped and tapped her wet cheek until at last she did open her eyes. Then a bright, small child crept to her side and whispered, "You helped me and I will help you." The little one put his arms around Christel's neck and raised her head. Christel sat up and smiled and looked around. . .

Then how she laughed! She had been asleep all the time in the church porch, and all this was a dream.

ał'dēr	cōl'ūm bīne	wīllōw	rīp'ple
	pow'dēr ỹ	scār'lēt	

XXXV.—SPRING.

The alder by the river
 Shakes out her powdery curls;
 The willow buds in silver
 For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
 And oh, how sweet they sing!
 To tell the happy children
 That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;

The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.



And butterflies are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blooms the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.



Merry Spring,
Will you bring
Back the little birds to sing?
I am sad;
Make me glad,
Gentle, merry, laughing Spring.

Winter's snow
Had to go
From the hills and vales below;
Then the showers
Made the flowers
Over all the hillsides grow.

Mother said,
"They're not dead,
Only sleeping in their bed;
When spring rain
Comes again,
Each one lifts its tiny head."

drought thīrst'ing whīne dīp'pēr lōdge
prěcious jāg'gēd ěx cīte' a māze'ment

XXXVII.—LEGEND OF THE GREAT DIPPER.

One night Mother Earth noticed that the stars were very bright. She wondered what it meant. She listened. The moon was telling a story to the stars, and this is the story she told:



Once in a land far, far from here, there was a great drought. Not one drop of water could be found anywhere. The springs and the mountain streams were all dried up. No rain had fallen for many months and the people were thirsting.

In one of the lodges of that land lived a little girl. She pitied the people and the animals. She wanted to help them. How could she do so? "Water, water, fresh water!" was the cry of all living things. The little girl went up into the mountains alone to pray for water.

She carried a little tin dipper. She knelt

and prayed to God to fill it with water. When her prayer was finished she looked into the dipper. It was full of fresh, cold water.

How glad she was!

She thought of her poor



sick mother at home in the lodge. Without waiting to take a drink herself, she ran homeward as fast as her feet could carry her. She did not mind the sharp, jagged stones that cut her bare feet, leaving a trail of blood in their path. She thought only of her dear mother and the joy of seeing her take a drink of cool water.

As she ran she heard a low, sad whine in the brush by her side. She stopped to see what caused the noise. She found a poor dog dying of thirst. The little girl at once poured some of the precious water into her hand and gave it to the dog. The dog lapped the water, looked grateful, and ran joyously away.

But a strange thing happened to the dipper. It suddenly changed to silver and became larger than before. It was still full of clear, cold water. The little girl ran home greatly excited.

She gave the dipper to the maid and said, "Please give my mother a drink quickly." But the maid was so weak she could not lift the dipper to the mother's lips. The sick woman told the maid to stoop down and take a drink and then give it to her.

When the maid had taken a drink she revived and became strong. The mother and daughter drank, and they too revived and were well. But the dipper had changed to pure gold and was larger than ever. And what was even more remarkable, it was still full of pure, cold water.

Soon a weary traveler came to the gate of the lodge. He was sick and suffering for want of water. The maid ran and brought him a drink from the dipper of gold. The traveler was restored to health and departed, blessing the family in the lodge. When they looked at the dipper, behold, it had changed into a diamond dipper. While they looked in amazement at the wonderful change it became a running fountain, clear as crystal, and sparkling like a diamond. It never ceased to flow. All the people came and drank and were well.

Thereafter every child in that land was given a tin dipper, and told the story of the little girl. Each child tried to live such a life as would change its dipper into silver or gold or diamonds.

cōt'tāge pŏvēr tŷ , mŷě rŷ děbt wŏrriēs
 āt tēn'dants fāre wēll'

XXXVIII.—THE MILLER OF DEE.

Once a miller lived on the bank of a little river called the Dee. This miller did not have much money, but he owned a little land along



the river on which was his mill, where he worked busily all day long. In the evening, after his long day's work, he would walk home to his little cottage, where he always found his good little wife awaiting him. And his chil-

dren ran happily out to meet him as he came. So this miller was always happy and contented, in spite of his poverty and hard work, because God had given him wife and children, and all things that he needed, and kept him from debt and misery. He used to sing to himself as he worked, and this is what he sang—

“I envy nobody—no, not I—
And nobody envies me.”

One day as he was singing this he looked up and saw before him a man handsomely dressed, sitting on a beautiful horse, and followed by attendants. This man was the king. He was very powerful and very rich, and had many people around to wait upon him and to flatter him; but still he was not happy. He had so many cares and worries that he could not rest. He looked at the miller and said, “Miller, how is it that you are so happy, though you are poor and have to work hard?”

And the miller answered, “I am happy because I can work and earn my bread. I owe no man, and I have my wife and children to love me.”

Then the king turned away bidding the

miller farewell, and saying, "Do not sing any more that no one envies you; for I would rather be a happy miller by the Dee than the king on his throne."

XXXIX.—A GOOD HOME.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
 Where all the fireside charities come—
 The shrine of love, the haven of life,
 Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
 However humble that home may be,
 Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought or sold
 And centre there are better than gold.

pûr'ple shĕl'tĕred plăid ĕ clĭpse' fŏr lôrn'
 floun'dĕred shriĕk'ing

XL.—RED RIDING-HOOD.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
 Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
 The wind that through the pine-trees sung,
 The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung;

While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,

Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;



Now struggling through
the misty veil
Blown round her by the
shrieking gale ;
Now sinking in a drift
so low,
Her scarlet hood could
scarcely show
Its dash of color on the
snow.

She dropped for bird and
beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts
and corn,

And thus her timid guests bespoke :

“Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,
Come, black old crow, come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper’s blown away !
Don’t be afraid, we all are good,
And I’m mamma’s Red Riding-Hood.”

thousands ĕm ploy'ment swallow'ing
 gross ĩn vent' ma chine'

XLI.—PINS.

A boy once said pins had saved thousands of lives. When he was asked to explain how pins had saved thousands of lives, he answered, "By not swallowing them!" But the boy did not know that pins really do save thousands of lives, by giving thousands of men and children employment.



Do you know how many pins are made in a day? I am afraid you will doubt the figures. England makes about one-sixth of the pins of

the world, and if a boy were to take the pins made in England alone in one day and lay them in a row, it would make a pin-line eight hundred miles long. This is only another way of saying England makes more than fifty million pins every day.

Pins were not used much before 1543, when in England a law was passed called an "Act for the true making of pins." They were so much prized then that a gross was regarded as a fine Christmas present.

Ladies could not always buy as many as they wanted. Many husbands gave their wives what they called "pin-money." With it they would be ready to buy pins just as soon as they had a chance.

Now pins are so plenty and so cheap that when a boy thinks a thing is of no use he says, "I would not give a pin for it."

About sixty years ago it required about twenty men to make a pin. Each man had one part of the pin to make. Pins made in this way were not beautiful.

An American named Lemuel Wright invented a machine that makes pins faster than

all the boys in a school could count them. This wonderful machine does the work of hundreds of men and boys.

Some boys and girls are busy collecting stamps of all kinds. If you were to make a collection of all the kinds of pins, you might be surprised to know that your collection would number hundreds of pins.

pōols	rà vine'	rê sôrt'	ěxêr cîse
	spěckled	lēague	î dēal'

XLII.—LET LIVE LEAGUE.

Four boys from the same town once met at a summer resort. They were glad to be out in the sunshine and air. They took long walks over the mountains and through the cool, shady valleys. They did not forget to play. James had brought a ball along from home. It was great fun and good exercise for the boys to play ball.

One day they went far up into a mountain ravine to fish for trout. A clear stream, that



flashed in the sunshine and lingered in the shadows, made an ideal home for trout. The boys could see the speckled beauties in the clear pools. They were not long in casting their lines. But the trout were wide awake, and the boys did not catch as many as they thought they could.

William caught four. Each of the other boys caught three. "We have enough for breakfast," said Harry; "and anyhow, I am not quite sure that we ought to catch more than we can eat."

"I will catch just

as many as I can," answered Henry. "What are fish for, if they are not to be caught?"

"We'll talk that over at lunch," said Harry, as the boys made their way to a cool spring under a tall pine tree.

As they sat upon a mossy bank eating their lunch, the boys began to think about Harry's words.

"It seems to me," said James, "that Harry is right. We ought not to kill anything unless we really need it for food or for shelter."

"But," said Henry, "what's the fun of catching fish for food?"

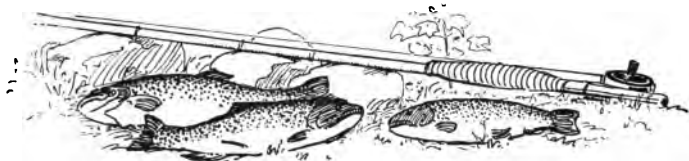
"There is no real pleasure in doing what is not right," said William. "The truth is, boys, the fish and birds have the same right to live that we have. If we could live without destroying living things, I would say, never kill anything."

"Suppose, boys," said Harry, "that we form a 'Let Live League,' and promise to prevent persons from killing birds or animals as far as possible."

Out there by the mountain stream, with the birds singing in the trees and the fish sleeping

in the sun, the boys talked it all over and agreed that they would do all in their power to save the life of all things.

They formed a "Let Live League," and decided to get as many boys and girls as they possibly could to join it. Do you love life? If so, why not join the "Let Live League?"



līēs dāf'fō dīl thīstle lēv'ies jōlīŷ

XLIII.—THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly, good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax:

On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
 He levies a tax!

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
 Makes fragrant his wings:
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
 Some treasure he brings.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
 The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
 To have nothing to do.

hībēr nāte cōn sīd'ēr ghōst mā tēr'ial līz'ard
 sīm'ī lār skēl'ē tōn ār rānge'mēnt pōll'ēn

XLIV.—PLANTS THAT GO TO SLEEP.

I.

Some plants are as much in need of sleep as boys and girls are. But we do not stop to consider the sleepy plants. Some plants sleep every night. Some sleep every day. Then, too, plants seem to think a year is just as a day, so they sleep in the winter and wake up in the spring.

Many animals, like the plants, sleep all winter long. We call this hibernating. Bears grow fat in the autumn, and then, after sleeping the winter through, come forth in April so thin and so poor that they can scarcely walk. An April bear is not much more than a ghost of its fat self of the autumn before.

The cold-blooded animals—snakes, toads, lizards, and newts—dream away the long winter season, and come forth with the sunshine in the spring.

Crocuses, hyacinths, lilies, tulips, daffodils, and similar plants hibernate. They withdraw all the living material from their leaves in

autumn, bury themselves in the earth, and sleep till spring rains and sunshine tempt bears and flowers to come forth again.

When the squirrel goes into winter quarters in the hollow trunk of an oak tree, where he has stored his hoard of acorns and chestnuts for the dead season, does not the life of the oak itself do just the same thing? Only the dead skeleton of the leaf drops to the ground. The life remains and hides in the trunk and the branches. If the life were to remain in the leaf, the cold, frosty winter weather would kill it. But under the thick coat of bark is it not just as warm and as secure as the bear beneath his coat of fur?

Besides this winter sleep, or hibernation, a great many plants also sleep every night. During our waking hours we walk, work, and waste. When we sleep we rebuild and restore the living material of the body. Sleep is the period of repair. If we do not sleep we soon wear out.

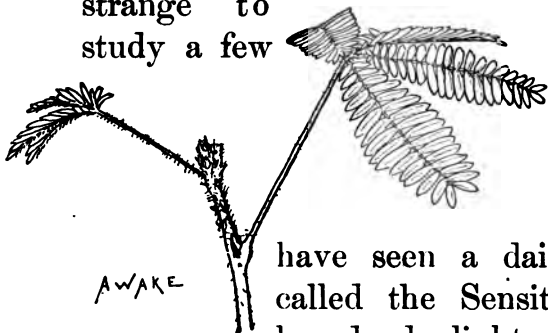
The same is true of plants. They eat by day, and grow most rapidly by night. By day the plant is busy. It must gather sunshine

and moisture. This is work. It makes the plant weary. When night comes the plant rests, builds itself up, and prepares for active work the next day.

Thus by a wise arrangement God has helped even the plants to live long enough to do their great work in the world. And what is a plant's great work? It is to grow, blossom, and bear seed. The glory of the plant is its seed. The seed makes possible another plant.

II.

All plants do not sleep at night, because all plants cannot get food by day. This may seem strange to you; but let us study a few

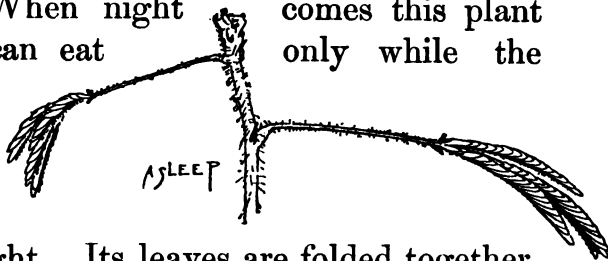


plants closely and then we shall see that it is true.

You may have seen a dainty little plant called the Sensitive Plant. In broad daylight its leaves are spread wide open. It is busy eating and drinking. On its leaves are hundreds of

little mouths through which it is taking in food for the plant. It works just as truly as the little busy bee; just as truly as the ant; just as truly as the kingfisher, when it darts down upon a sleeping trout in a mountain stream. When night comes this plant rests. It can eat only while the light falls upon it.

Notice this same



plant at night. Its leaves are folded together, and then its leaf stem drops its drowsy head, like a sleepy child. Now the plant is not feeding. It is busy with growth. The food gathered in the light is slowly worked into tissue, and the plant is growing, just as a child grows when it is asleep.



Have you ever watched a crocus on a cloudy day? The crocus closes up just as soon as a cloud covers the sun, and opens in a few minutes after the sun begins to shine again. On an April day one may see the crocus open and

close half a dozen times. What does this mean to you?



If you stand under an electric light on a warm summer evening you will find the air alive with insects of all sorts. Many more insects feed at night than at noon.

Some plants feed upon insects. Such plants, of course, sleep when the insects sleep and waken up when the insects are flying. Plants of this kind sleep by day and eat by night. These night-blooming plants are pure white and very fragrant. They are white because they are awake at night. If they were day-workers they would need bright colors to draw insects to them.

They are very fragrant, because the night insects are drawn to them by smell and not by sight. Their fragrance is the bait they throw out to catch food.



The Catchfly is a night-blooming plant. It feeds upon a peculiar moth that flies by night.

This moth also carries the pollen of the Catch-fly to other plants of the same kind and in this way helps to reproduce the plant. Without the moth there could be no seed on the plant. •

A study of the habits of plants will teach many valuable lessons.

rīval bē lāt'ed aft'ēr-māths vā'grant
 sāt'yn mīsērs

XLV.—OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER.*

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
 And flowers of June together,
 Ye cannot rival for one hour
 October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
 Belated, thriftless vagrant,
 And Golden-Rod is dying fast,
 And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When Gentians roll their fringes tight
 To save them for the morning,

And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning ;



When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining ;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing ;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
 In idle golden freighting,
 Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
 Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts
 By twos and twos together,
 And count like misers hour by hour,
 October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
 Count all your boasts together;
 Love loveth best of all the year
 October's bright blue weather.

săl'a rŷ - ăś săs'sŷ nă tĕd gĕn ěr ā'tions nŷm'ble
 rê fĭned' pār'son

XLVI.—LEE'S STOCKING-LOOM.

In olden times women sat for hours knitting stockings. You may have seen an old grandmother sitting before the fire on a long winter evening with needles and yarn busily engaged at the task of making stockings.

But now nearly all stockings are made by a loom. This loom is the invention of William Lee, who lived in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

William Lee was a studious boy. His parents decided to send him to college. He became a student at St. John's, Cambridge. He was a loving, unselfish boy, and soon won many friends.

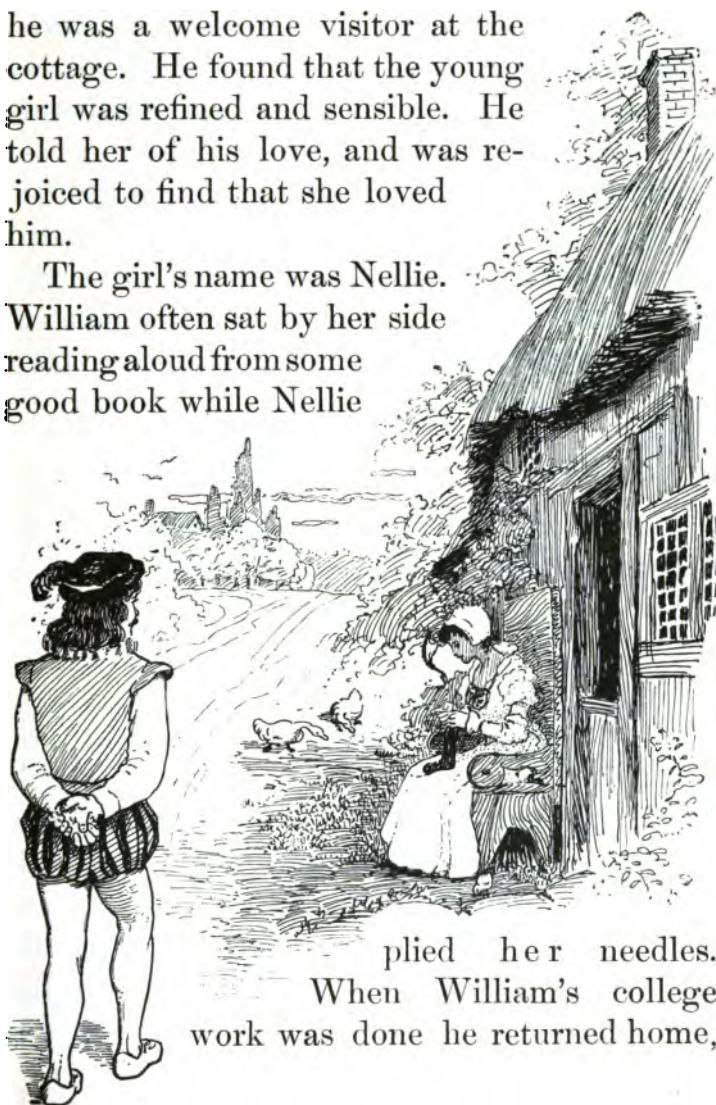
But William Lee formed one friendship at Cambridge that was dearer to him than all the rest, and that has had much to do with future generations.

When weary with his studies, he was fond of laying his books and papers aside and wandering far away into the quiet country lanes. Here the running of waters and the singing of birds rested him. One day as he passed through a village to his favorite resort, he saw a pretty girl sitting at her mother's cottage door knitting a stocking.

William Lee was now an unhappy youth. He found no pleasure in singing birds or murmuring waters. He loved the beautiful girl and longed to meet her. It was not long until

he was a welcome visitor at the cottage. He found that the young girl was refined and sensible. He told her of his love, and was rejoiced to find that she loved him.

The girl's name was Nellie. William often sat by her side reading aloud from some good book while Nellie



plied her needles. When William's college work was done he returned home,

and was soon a preacher in a village church. The salary was not large ; but his love was so great that he married Nellie, and they lived in a cozy little home.

When two children came to bless them, the small salary was not enough to provide food and clothing. Nellie resolved to add to her husband's income by knitting stockings. It made William's heart sad to see his wife sitting with the baby on her knee knitting busily for hours.

He watched her nimble fingers and noticed how the thread traveled round and round the stocking. He resolved to invent a machine that would save his wife's fingers, and that would knit stockings fast enough to provide food and clothing for his family.

He succeeded so well that in eight years his machine would knit woollen, cotton, and silk stockings. But Queen Elizabeth did not care for the poor parson's invention and refused to grant him a patent.

King Henry IV. of France heard of the wonderful machine and invited William Lee to France. Here the machine was run day

and night. At last William Lee began to grow rich. He was glad to see his dear family clothed and fed and happy.

Alas! just as the prospect seemed brightest, the king was assassinated by Ravillac. William Lee lost his true friend. His trade fell away. He became poor once more; and after wandering from place to place, the inventor of the knitting-loom starved to death in Paris.

jěllŷ	tăd'pōle	wrĭg'gle	ă būn'dant
	pōllŷ wōg	căt'ēr pĭl lār	

XLVII.—THE LIFE HISTORY OF A TOAD.

Every one likes to read the life history of a clever person. But we do not always remember that a toad has a life story as rich as that of a man. From baby to man the steps are full of interest. From tadpole to toad the story is just as full of interest.

Every animal comes from an egg. This is as true of a toad as of a chicken or a goose. About the middle of April, down by a pond,

one can hear the hoarse cry of a toad. The old toad is telling the world that it is time to lay eggs.

A toad's nest is always in the water. The eggs are laid in long strings or ropes. These



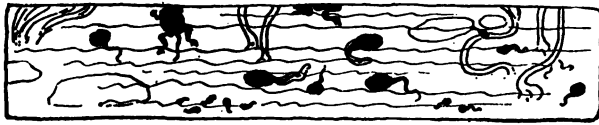
are generally wound around water-plants or old sticks on the bottom of the pond near the shore.

This chain of eggs looks like a string of glass beads with little black dots in the center. The dots are the eggs. The glass-like beads are soft jelly. Take a bunch of these eggs, about one hundred, and place them carefully in a glass fruit-dish, or a basin filled with clear water. Keep the dish or basin in a light place, but not in the sun, for that would kill the eggs.

In two or three days the eggs are hatched. The black dots begin to move, and finally wriggle out of the jelly and begin to swim around in the water. See how they cling to

the old egg rope or gather on the edge of the dish. They do not look like toads, to be sure, but they are doing their best, and you must be patient.

These little wriggling things are tadpoles.



Some persons call them polliwogs. They live at first upon the food stored in the egg, just as a little chick feeds upon the food the old hen stored in her egg. When this egg food is all used up the tadpole must find other food or starve. It now feeds upon the small plants so abundant in all ponds. If the tadpole cannot find other food it will turn upon its weaker brothers and eat them up. Tadpoles do not know that this is very wrong.

It takes about two months for the tadpole to become a toad. At first it remains under the water all the time. But as it grows older and larger, it begins to act in a queer manner. It rushes to the surface of the water and then

dives rapidly to the bottom again. It does this again and again. What is the cause of this? The tadpole cannot tell; but you ought to know.

The real cause is that the tadpole is getting lungs. It is getting ready to breathe the free air, as it will when it becomes a toad and lives on the land.

Now see! the tadpole is getting legs. Its head is changing, and the color of its body is much lighter. It would be a toad now if it were not for its long tail. What will happen to that tail? Do you think it will drop off?



Watch it. It is growing shorter and shorter, and at last it is gone. The tadpole eats its own tail. And it does this so carefully that the skin is not in any way harmed. The tad-

pole must become a toad, just as a caterpillar becomes a beautiful butterfly, and when it is a toad it will not need to swim. It has no more use for its tail. That is why a tadpole eats its tail.

And now the little tadpole must say good-by to the soft, smooth mud, the pretty plants, and the cool water. It will now have to live on the hard, dry ground. The toad hops away to find its supper, for it feeds best at night. And what will it eat? It will eat animal food, and that must be alive. How does it catch its food? If you watch a toad carefully you will see it eat a meal. It has a long tongue. This tongue is fastened at the front of its mouth, and not at the back, like yours. The end of the tongue is sticky, like fly paper. When an insect comes near out flies this tongue, it touches the insect, and the toad winks and swallows, and is ready for another insect.



The toad is harmless and useful. Many of the insects and worms that toads eat are not friends of fruit or grain. The toads eat these enemies of man's food, and in this way do

much good. It is said that one toad will destroy ten thousand insects in a single summer.

bŭr'rōw	crĭck'ĕt	mŭsk'răt	snŭg
	plăshed	spĭdĕr	

XLVIII.—OVER IN THE MEADOW.

Over in the meadow,
 In the sand, in the sun,
 Lived an old mother-toad
 And her little toadie one.
 "Wink!" said the mother;
 "I wink," said the one:
 So she winked and she blinked,
 In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
 Where the stream runs blue,
 Lived an old mother-fish
 And her little fishes two.
 "Swim!" said the mother;
 "We swim," said the two:
 So they swam and they leaped,
 Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
“Sing!” said the mother;
“We sing,” said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little muskrats four.
“Dive!” said the mother;
“We dive,” said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.
“Buzz!” said the mother;
“We buzz,” said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
“Caw!” said the mother;
“We caw,” said the six:
So they cawed and they called,
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“Chirp!” said the mother;
“We chirp,” said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes,
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
“Bask!” said the mother;
“We bask,” said the eight:
So they basked in the sun,
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
“Croak!” said the mother;
“We croak,” said the nine:
So they croaked and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
“Spin!” said the mother;
“We spin,” said the ten:
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

XLIX.—THE SWALLOW.

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Al'sâce Lōr rāine' pŭn'ished crāy'ōn
 bullê tīn cōm mēnce'ment trŭnp'ēt
 māy'ōr spēc'tā cles

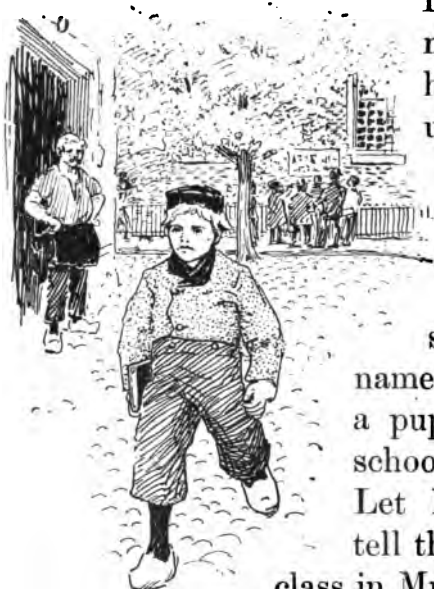
L.—THE LAST CLASS.

When war between Germany and France ended, the people of Alsace and Lorraine were subjects of the German Emperor. They were

French, and loved their native land. It was hard for them to give up the language they loved and begin to learn the German language.

In a village of Alsace lived a boy named Frantz. He was a pupil of the old village schoolmaster, Mr. Hamel. Let little French Frantz tell the sad story of the last class in Mr. Hamel's school.

I was late going to school. My teacher had given us a long lesson in the French lan-



guage, and I did not know the first word. For a moment the thought came to me that I would stay away from school and spend the day in the fields. The day was warm and bright. The blackbirds were whistling on the edge of the woods, and down by the old mill the German soldiers were drilling.

But I thought again, and decided to go to school. As I ran through the streets I saw a group of men standing before the town-hall, reading a notice on the bulletin board. The blacksmith called to me, "Do not hurry so, little Frantz. You will get to school all too soon."

I thought he was laughing at me, and all out of breath I ran on till I entered the school yard. Usually as school opened there was a great noise from the opening and closing of the desks, and the cry of the master, "Silence!" In the midst of this usual noise, I thought, I would slip into my bench unseen. But this morning it was as quiet as a Sabbath morning.

Mr. Hamel saw me. I was sure he would scold me for being tardy. But, no. He looked at me kindly and in a sweet voice said, "Take

your place quickly, my little Frantz ; we will not begin the lesson without you."

Then I noticed that our master had dressed himself in his best clothes, just as he did on commencement day when he gave out the prizes to the best pupils. I was even more surprised to see the leading men of the village sitting on the front seats as silent as the pupils.

There were the old soldier with his cocked hat, the mayor of the village, the post-master, and others. The old soldier had brought a French primer. This he opened on his knee, placed his spectacles on his nose, and began to read the lesson.

Astonished at this, I was even more astonished when my old master mounted his chair and in a sweet, sad voice said, "My children, this is the last time that we will meet as a school. The order has come that German must be taught in all the schools. To-morrow the new master will come. This is your last lesson in French. Pray give good attention."

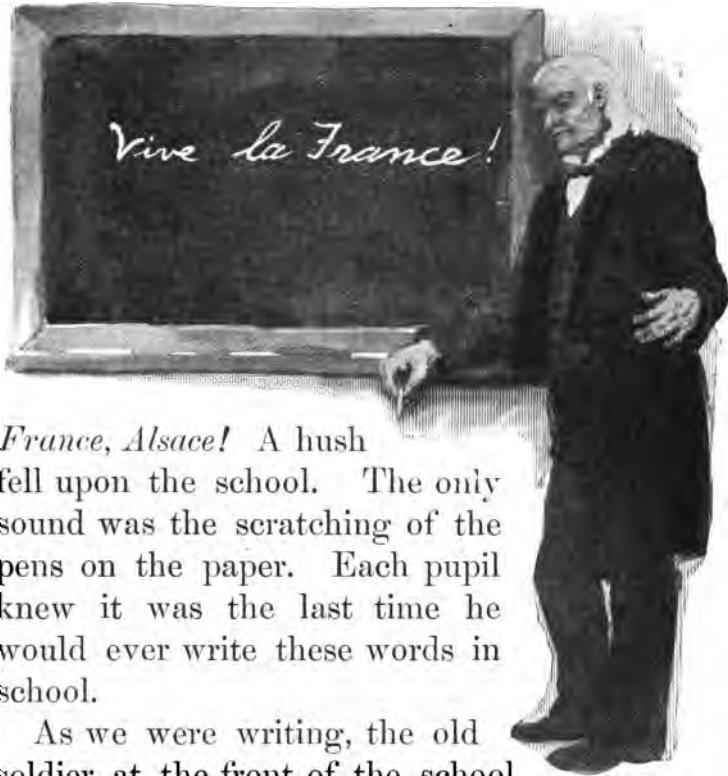
Poor old man ! for forty years he had been the master of the village school. He loved the French language, and now that the end

had come he was almost heart broken. It was in honor of the language he loved that he had dressed in his best clothes.

As I was thinking of this, my name was called. It was my time to recite. I arose, tried to do my duty, could not; and, with tears in my eyes, sat down. The kind old master then said, "I will not scold you, my little Frantz; you must be punished enough already. This is how it is."

Then Mr. Hamel explained the lesson and began to speak of the dear old French language. He said it was the most beautiful language in the world—so clear, so strong, so musical that it made a people great just to use it. He told us that the French people could never be made slaves if they kept their language. "It is," said he, "the key to their prison."

The lesson ended, and the writing exercise began. The master had a new copy for this day. It was written upon the blackboard, and covered with a beautiful French flag. When he drew the flag aside we saw, in a clear, round hand, these words: *France, Alsace!*



France, Alsace! A hush fell upon the school. The only sound was the scratching of the pens on the paper. Each pupil knew it was the last time he would ever write these words in school.

As we were writing, the old soldier at the front of the school arose, placed his spectacles on his nose, took his French primer in his hand, and with a trembling voice went over the lesson so dear to him in his childhood. For the land of this language he had been a brave soldier on many fields of battle. I will never forget that lesson.

As the noon hour approached the church bells began to ring. At the same moment the German soldiers began to march into the village. We could hear the trumpet and drum under the windows.

Mr. Hamel sat pale as death in his chair. Never did he look so grand. "My friends," said he, "I—I"; but something choked his words. He never finished the sentence. He turned to the blackboard, seized a piece of crayon, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote "*Long live France!*" Then he leaned his head against the wall, and, without speaking, made a sign with his hand, as much as to say, "It is done. School is ended. Depart."

LI.—ARIEL'S SONG.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

fēe'ble dē vōt'ēd lŷ răt'tlŋg ĕx pēnsē' prōp
 sà loon' stăck'ŋg sēn'sī ble



LII.—HAVING FUN.

Two boys, George and Joe Brown, lived near a town. They were brothers. They were bright, cheerful lads, full of life and fond of fun.

One day, as they were sitting together, Joe said, "Say, George, I have a plan for some fun."

"Well, what is it?" answered George.

"Do you remember that pile of wood on the hillside? If we were to pull away the

prop it would come rattling down the hill with a rush."

George looked at Joe thoughtfully and asked, "Whose wood is it?"

"Oh, it belongs to old man Jones. You know nobody cares for him."

"Yes; I know that is so; but Mr. Jones is a poor old man. He works very hard to make a living for himself and his feeble old wife. I have heard that Mr. Jones once was a cheerful, happy man. He had a son whom he loved devotedly. But the boy did not do well. He wasted his father's money, and then ran away and was killed in a saloon. This almost broke the old man's heart. He has never been known to smile since he buried that boy. Now he is feeble and very poor. I shall not have fun at his expense."

"But, George, it would be such fun to hear the wood rattle down the hill. We can run away. Do go with me."

"No, Joe; I can't do that. I do not think that would be fun."

"I do; and if you will not go along, I will go alone."

"I wish you wouldn't. You will feel better if you don't."

But Joe thought he knew best. He went and pulled away the prop, and the wood rattled down the hill. Then he ran away and hid behind a clump of bushes.

After waiting a half hour Joe stole quietly back to see whether the trick had been discovered. He saw old Mr. Jones carrying the wood up the hill and stacking it up as it was before. It was hard work for the old man, for he was not strong. Joe felt ashamed of his mean trick. Just then he saw some one coming up the hill. It was George. Joe hid behind a tree and wondered what George meant to do.

He soon found out. George went to work with a will and helped the old man stack the wood where it was when Joe scattered it. Joe did not want to be seen. He stole quietly away and went home. Then he began to think.

"George was right," thought he; "it was not fun to make a poor old man so much work for nothing. It was a mean thing to

do. I am sorry I did it. George is the true, manly fellow. He says it is not fun to cause other people pain and loss, and I believe he is right. I am going to tell him so."

And he did tell George. They had a plain, sensible talk, and then Joe went to old Mr. Jones and confessed that he had done wrong, and asked to be forgiven. This the old man gladly did, and Joe grew to be a noble, manly fellow.

LIII.—I WOULDN'T.

I wouldn't make fun of a boy who is poor,
For he has quite hardships enough to endure;
His coat may be ragged, and shabby his
hat,

But if he is honest, respect him for that.

"His father's a drunkard;" well, he's not to
blame;

Be thankful that your father isn't the same.

I wouldn't make fun of a schoolmate, oh,
no,

If you're at the head, and his place is below;

A diligent scholar, though slowly he climb,
May be at the head of his class sometime.
Perhaps it would give him a pleasant surprise
If you were to help him a bit to be wise.

I wouldn't abuse the dumb animals; they
Are given to us for our service each day;
Nor kill the dear birds, oh, how sweetly they
sing,
When back to our homes they return in the
spring.
God cares for his creatures, the large and the
small;
Remember this, boys, and be kind to them all.

I wouldn't make fun of the aged, not I,
Perhaps you'll be aged yourself by-and-by;
'Tis better to smile when you happen to
meet,
And give them your aid when they're crossing
the street;
You'll feel well repaid for the good you have
done,
As they thank you and add a "God bless you,
my son."

Mā nī'ā	Sān tī ā'gō	Spān'ish	mōn'stēr
Mēr'ri mēc	chān'nēl	Prēsī dent	
Dew'ey	Samp'son	Schley	



LIV.—SAILING BOATS.

John Harris was a true American boy. He was ten years old. He loved the flag of his country and was especially glad to see it wave on American war vessels. He loved a boat, and was more than pleased to read about the great victory of Dewey at Manila, and of Sampson and Schley at Santiago.

To John it was wonderful to note how well the American sailors and gunners managed the big vessels and the monster guns.

He was also very much pleased with the heroic Hobson's brave deed in Santiago channel. To run the Merrimac under the guns of the enemy, to sink her, and then to swim for life seemed to John wonderfully brave and courageous acts.

Full of patriotic love, he decided to play war with his own little fleet of toy boats. He took them to a large pond in the park, and had them sail across the pond. He called the pond Manila Bay. He called himself Dewey.

"Now," said he, "look out for your lives! Here I come with my ironclad fleet."

The wind blew his boats across the pond. The Spanish forts on the far shore began to fire upon his fleet. The Spanish forts were bushes on the shore, behind which some boys who played they were Spaniards lay concealed. These Spaniards threw small stones at the boats. These stones were shots from the Spanish forts.

But the brave little Dewey sailed his boats straight up to the forts. Once he thought the gunners on his vessels must be very tired, so he waded in and pulled the boats away from

the Spanish forts, and gave his men a rest and some food.

When all was ready again, away sailed the boats right up to the forts, and lo, a white flag went up on the shore!

“Hurrah! hurrah!” shouted the young Dewey, “the Spanish forts have surrendered. Send the news to the President.”

And John Harris took his boats in his arms and ran home to tell his parents how bravely his sailors behaved, and what a great victory he had won.

“What did you do with the Spanish soldiers when they surrendered?” asked Mr. Harris.

“Oh,” said John, “I told them to go home, behave themselves, and love the American flag. And I also told them that they must never again do wrong, for if they did I would return and whip them again.”

LV.—GROWTH.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I may learn.

gállant rŷ vĕl'vĕt mǎj'ĕs tŷ mĭs'siŏn
 pāve'mĕnt jǎck'ĕt

LVI.—A BAREFOOT GENTLEMAN.

Every boy and girl should know the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry to his queen.



One day Queen Elizabeth was walking down to the river to enter her royal barge. A crowd stood waiting to see her pass. In the crowd was a handsome youngman, who wore a beautiful velvet cloak. The young man pushed his way to the front and saw his lovely queen. Just then she paused before a pool of muddy water. The

queen did not want to wet her feet.

Quick as a flash the young man removed his cloak, spread it over the muddy pool, and bowed low to the queen. She blushed and smiled, and, stepping carefully upon the beautiful cloak, passed on.

Soon a messenger came from the royal barge and asked the young man to come to the queen.

When he went aboard the barge the good queen said to him, "What is your name?"

"May it please your majesty," the young man answered, "my name is Walter Raleigh, and my father is of an old but unfortunate family."

"You have to-day," the queen said, "spoilt a good cloak in our service. Take this jewel, and wear it henceforth in memory of this day," and the queen gave him a ring in which shone a diamond. In this way Raleigh won the esteem of his ruler and became a great man.

But the barefoot gentleman of whom I wish to tell, did not wear a velvet cloak, and he did not win the favor of a queen. But he was as gallant as Raleigh, and just as noble.

It was on a Christmas eve, in Edinburgh. There was a Christmas tree at a mission for poor children. Hundreds of the poor boys and girls of the city stood on the street waiting for the doors to be opened. It was bitter cold. Many of the children were barefooted and poorly dressed.

Among them was a sweet-faced little girl who was clothed in a ragged jacket, and whose naked feet pressed the icy pavement. She was so cold that she hopped from one foot to the other to keep her feet from freezing.

By her in the crowd was a barefoot boy about nine years old, and as poor as the poorest. He saw the poor little girl trying to keep from freezing, and at once snatched his woolen cap from his head, laid it on the cold stones, and said to the girl, "You may stand on that."

Who was the greater hero? Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak for the protection of the satin slippers of Queen Elizabeth. The Edinburgh street boy spread his cap for the protection of the bare, cold feet of a poor,

unknown girl. Was not the boy a real knight?

är chĩ tēc'tūr al är'tĩ sǎns Hēs pěr'ĩ dēs hō rĩzōn
 ôr'chēs trá pǎn tá loon' rē pŭb'lic an
 trěach'ēr oŭs hǎb'ĩ tŭde



LVII.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still,
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:

From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;

Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;

And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

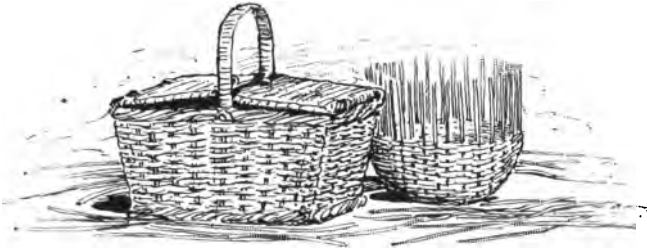
Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

Sōl'ō mōn prō tēc'tiōn sāv'āges īslands
cōn cēal' cōr'ō nēt cōn cēit'ed ēxīles

LVIII.—THE BASKET-MAKER.

I.

In the midst of the ocean lie the beautiful islands of Solomon. On the largest of these islands once dwelt a proud nobleman. He had been given a large fortune and many acres of land by a wealthy uncle. But he was not worthy of



the gift, for he became so conceited that he looked upon poor working men as slaves.

He had a house by the sea side. Here he lived a large part of each year, devoting his time to hunting and to fishing. Between his house and the sea was a wide marsh overgrown with reeds. This marsh belonged to a poor basket-maker. From the reeds the poor man obtained the flags from which he made baskets.

Now these reeds were in the way of the rich man. He could not easily walk through them to his hunting and fishing grounds. He decided that a man of his high rank should not be annoyed by the property of a poor workman. He ordered the basket-maker to come to see him. The poor man went.

“Your reeds are greatly in my way,” said the proud man, “and I want you to cut them down or sell to me the ground and I will have it done.”

“Indeed, sir; this I cannot do,” said the basket-maker, “for I gain a living for myself and my family from the flags that grow on this ground. If they are destroyed, my means of gaining a living will be gone. Will it not suit your pleasure if I cut paths through them to the sea?”

“No; I will not have paths. That marsh is in my way. You must sell it to me or I will take it and destroy the reeds.”

“This is more than I can do. My bread depends upon those reeds, sir; and I cannot allow them to be destroyed.”

“You are nothing but a poor beggar,” said

the rich man. "Leave me at once or I shall beat you. Those reeds shall be destroyed."

The poor basket-maker went away saddened and worried. The next day the rich man sent his servants to the marsh and ordered them to destroy the reeds. The owner of the marsh could do but one thing. He went to the King, threw himself at the King's feet, and begged for protection. The King was a kind man, and ordered the proud man to appear and explain his unlawful act.

The proud man simply said that as the owner of the land was a low-born and poor man, it was not right for him to refuse the request of a nobleman. This angered the King, and he ordered the rich man to be taken to a lonely island and left to his fate. And, then, perhaps to teach a good lesson, he also ordered the poor man to be taken with him.

II.

It happened that these men were put ashore in a marsh, much like the one that had caused their trouble at home. The rich man thought he would conceal himself in the reeds and

steal away from his companion, for he was so proud that he did not want to be in the company of a poor workman.

But the savages who lived on the island had seen them, and came running to kill them.

Now the rich man was thoroughly frightened and ran behind the basket-maker, begging for protection. Thus the conceited man, who despised the poor one, was now only too glad to turn to him for help.

But the basket-maker was not so frightened. To him life did not hold so many pleasures. He did, however, decide to make one effort to save himself. He plucked a handful of flags, sat down quietly, and made signs to the savages that he could show them something of great value to them. Then with smiles and nods he fell to work and began to weave a coronet from the flags.

The savages looked on in amazement. When the coronet was made the poor man arose and placed it upon the head of the savage who seemed to be the leader of the band.

The savages were delighted. They threw down their clubs, crowded around the basket-



maker, and made signs that they all wanted coronets. The poor man nodded, as much as to say he would gladly make one for each of them.

Then the savages noticed that the proud, frightened nobleman was doing nothing. They decided that if he would not work he should die. Poor fellow! his pride could not save him. He turned to the poor man and begged for protection.

The basket-maker's pity was aroused. He motioned the savages to spare his life, and made them un-

derstand that, although the man could not weave coronets, he might be useful in gathering the flags. This pleased the savages, for they did not care to work, and were anxious to get the coronets at once.

So they set the rich man to work, and in every way treated him as the servant of the basket-maker. They made him build a lodge for the basket-maker, and, after they gave food to the poor man, they allowed the rich man to eat what was left.

This lasted for three months. The rich man learned a lesson. At last he said to the basket-maker, "I have been wrong all this time. I thought true greatness went with wealth and rank. I now see that no man is truly great who is not useful to others. Forgive me for my injustice to you, and when we get home, if we ever do, I shall not only restore your reeds to you, but I shall give you half of my fortune."

And so it came to pass. The King sent for the exiles, and restored them to their homes. The story became known over the Solomon islands, and to this day the people look with

disgust upon any person who cannot give a better reason for his pride than that he is born to do nothing. They say of such, "Send him to the basket-maker."

prê pâred' dīs pūte' är'gū ment mēm'ō rỹ
 a void'ing heärth

LIX.—TELLING FABLES.

One day in school the teacher said to a group of children in the reading class, "Let us have a lesson in fables to-morrow. Each one may come to class prepared to recite a fable."

The children were delighted. They had been reading Æsop's Fables, and were fond of them. They decided to commit the fables to memory and recite them for the teacher just as they are in the book.

The next day the teacher began the lesson by telling them just what a fable is. She told them that the purpose of a fable is to teach a truth without directly stating it. Animals are made to talk and to act like persons

just to show how persons should and should not talk and act. Then she asked them to recite, and they did so.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

FRED.—One day a dog found a piece of meat. He took it in his mouth to carry it home. On his way he had to cross a narrow plank



lying across a smooth stream. As he was walking carefully across, he chanced to look down into the water. He saw what he took to be another dog with another piece of meat.

He did not know it was his own shadow. He made up his mind to have the meat the other dog had. He snapped at the shadow in the water, and the meat he was carrying fell into the stream and sank. He went home hungry and unhappy.

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND.

JAMES.—A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger. While they were in the argument they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the Sun said:

“I see a way to decide our dispute. See! the traveler has a cloak tightly drawn about him. Let us see which of us can make him remove his cloak. The one that succeeds shall prove himself the stronger. You begin.”

Then the North Wind began to blow as hard as he could. But the harder he blew, the more closely did the traveler wrap his cloak about him. The North Wind did his best to blow the cloak from its owner. But the cloak remained. The North Wind gave up in despair.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, came out and shone in all his glory. He darted his beams upon the traveler, who soon looked up, saw the Sun, drew off his cloak and ran for protection to a nearby shade tree.

The North Wind confessed that the Sun had fairly proven himself the stronger.

THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL.

MARY.—A sly cat once lived in a large old house. In this house were many mice. They greatly feared the cat. They decided to hold a council to find some way of avoiding the cat. When the mice were all assembled one said, "Do as I say; hang a bell to the cat's neck. This will ring and tell us when she is near."

This plan seemed so good that the mice danced for joy. But one old mouse looked quietly on the scene and then said, "Well, we have a very good plan, but who shall hang the bell to the cat's neck?" The mice had not thought of that. Not a mouse would do it.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

LUCY.—A fox once saw a crow fly off with a piece of cheese in her beak, and light on the branch of a tree.

Then the fox called, "Good-morning, Mistress Crow. How well you are looking to-day! Your feathers are glossy and your eyes are so bright! Please let me hear just one song from you, that I may greet you queen of the birds."

The crow was much pleased at these words. She lifted up her head and began to caw. But the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground. This was just what the sly old fox knew would happen. He snapped up the cheese and ran laughing away.

THE SILLY CAT AND THE APE.

NED.—Once a cat and an ape were sitting before an open hearth. On the hearth some nuts were roasting in the fire. The ape wanted some of the nuts; but he knew only too well that he would burn his paw if he were to reach for the nuts.

So the ape said to the cat, "Puss, you are fond of nuts. Take some from the hearth."

The silly cat reached in with her paw, but quickly drew it out with a cry of pain. She



had burnt her paw with the hot coals. But she tried again, and this time pulled out a nut. Then she pulled two, then three, but each time burnt her paw.

When her paw was so badly burnt that she could no longer endure the pain, she looked around. The ape had used the time to crack the nuts and eat them.

When the children had recited their fables the teacher told them to write the lesson of each one in their tablets.

LX.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

“Will you walk into my parlor?”

Said the Spider to the Fly;

“’Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

“The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,

“To ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?”

Said the Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around;

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I’ll snugly tuck you in!”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,
“For I’ve often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed.”



Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
“Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I’ve always felt for you?”

"I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice:
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the Spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
How brilliant are your eyes!"

"I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now,
I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly
Would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the Fly;

Then came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing:
“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
With the pearl and silver wing:

“Your robes are green and purple—
There’s a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead!”

Alas, alas! how very soon
This silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by.

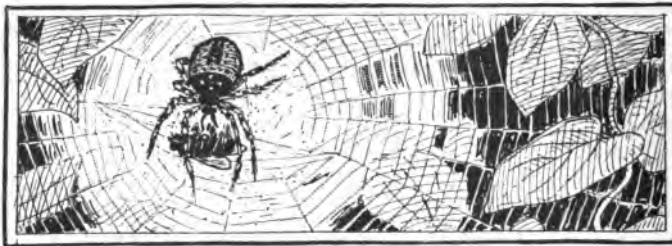
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor, foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—
But she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed.

Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the Spider and the Fly.



ăb'sence chirped coŭs'ın fledged s'ickle
neigh'bôr quiv'ered ŭn'cle

LXI.—THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A Lark, who had Young Ones in a field of grain which was almost ripe, was afraid that the reapers would come before her young brood were fledged. So every day when she flew off to look for food, she charged them to take note of what they heard in her absence, and to tell her of it when she came home.

One day, when she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son, "The grain seems ripe enough to be cut. Go early to-morrow and ask our friends and neighbors to come and help reap it."

When the old Lark came home the Little Ones quivered and chirped round her, and told her what had happened, begging her to take them away as fast as she could. The mother bade them be easy; "For," said she, "if he depends on his friends and his neighbors, I am sure the grain will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day she went out again, and left the same orders as before. The owner came and

waited. The sun grew hot, but nothing was done, for not a soul came. "You see," said the



owner to his son, "these friends of ours are not to be depended upon; so run off at once to your uncles and cousins, and say I wish them to come early to-morrow morning and help us reap our grain."

This the Young Ones, in a great fright, told also to their mother.

"Do not fear, children," said she; "kindred and relatives are not always very forward in helping one another; but keep your ears open, and let me know what you hear to-morrow."

The owner came the



next day, and, finding his relatives as backward as his neighbors, said to his son, "Now listen to me. Get two good, sharp sickles ready for to-morrow morning, for I have decided that we will reap the grain by ourselves."

The young Larks told this to their mother. "Now, my dears," said she, "it is time for us to go. When a man decides to do his work himself it is not likely that he will be disappointed."

The next morning the old Lark and her children left the wheat-field. They were just in time. The old man and his son reaped the wheat that day.

ăt'tī tūde mī'lī nēr * pā thēt'ic rhÿth'mic
 ūn prō tect'ed är tī f'cial ĩn tēr'prēt ěr
 prē mǎ tūre'lÿ ūm brē'lǎ worst'ed

LXII.—CHOICE OF COLORS.*

The other day, as I was walking on one of the oldest streets of the old town of Newport, I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop.

* Copyright.



It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one walks with very great care, he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, as happy as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold day too.

I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so. The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside.

I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant. I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The window was full of artificial flowers of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was really remarkably gay

and pretty. Tap, tap, tap, went the small hand against the window-pane; and with every tap the little girl murmured in a half-whispering, half-singing voice, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I stood motionless. I could not see her face; but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face without her seeing me; but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside and turned toward me.

The spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at sight of a stranger. She did not move away, however, but stood eyeing me with that pathetic mixture of questioning and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the faces of poverty-stricken children.

"Aren't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly.

"Yes'm. I would like a gown of that blue."

"But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?"

She looked down at her wet dress suddenly as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and, moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not just goin' home, ma'am. I'd like to stop here a bit."

So I left her. But, after I had gone a few blocks, I decided to return by a cross street, and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath, as before, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I went quietly on my way without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "Little

Messenger, Interpreter, Teacher! I will remember you all my life."

Why should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps; but we can see them, if it is only "through a glass," and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors. It rains, perhaps; and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, who has money in his purse to buy many colors, if he likes, but goes grumbling because some colors are too dear for him,—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, may learn a wondrous secret,—that to be penniless is not to be poor; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."

LXIII.—SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over:
Seven times one are seven.



I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You are bright—ah! bright; but your light
is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow—
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marshmary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your honey to hold!

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it:

I will not steal them away;
I am old; you may trust me, linnet, linnet;
I'm seven times one to-day.

whistling crēam'ēr y stēadī lŷ āp'pē tīte
 routine' whīp'-pōor-wīll



LXIV. - ON A FARM.

When summer comes, the boy on the farm is busy from early dawn till late at night. Long before a city boy dreams of rising the farm boy is whistling and working.

At early dawn the cows are milked and the boy drives them down the long lane to the green pasture-field. Then comes breakfast, and how he does eat! The trip with the cows gave him a keen appetite. Breakfast over, the lad hurries to the barn to feed the chickens and the ducks, to carry corn to the pigs, and

to help harness the horses. Then away he goes to the fields, perhaps to work in the growing corn, to rake the new-mown hay, or to reap the ripened grain. Every hour now is precious. The crops must be gathered, the ground prepared for autumn seeding, and the milk taken to the creamery.

He works steadily away until evening. Then the cows must be driven home, the horses cared for, the pigs and sheep fed, the eggs gathered, the barn closed for the night, and a score of other duties done. At last, he sits down with his parents on the porch, or in the yard under a tree, talks over the events of the day, and plans for the morrow.

The whip-poor-will is now calling, and the tired boy says good night, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

His life is rich in toil. He eats well, sleeps well, works well, grows strong, and feels happy.

On rainy days he may slip down to the river and spend the day fishing, or he may pass the time reading a newspaper or a book.

When winter comes, how different is his daily routine! The morning hours are full of

work. He goes to the barn with a lantern; does his work before daylight; and spends his day in school, or out on the road with bells and sleigh, flying over the fleecy snow on his way to market.

And then the long winter evenings! Ah, who can tell the joy of an evening in a farm house! There's the open hearth ruddy with warmth and welcome. Now the farmer boy is king! All the riches of the year are his. As he stretches before the fire, he calls to himself the choicest apples and sweetest cider of the autumn. The chestnuts, roasting in the fire, seem glad they grew just to spend one happy evening with the old farm fire.

Now the cheerful laugh tells of happy hearts and mocks the storm that rages all night long. There are stories told, lessons studied; games played, plans made, and hearts cheered.

It may seem lonely to some boys to be on the farm, but remember that the farm makes sturdy, happy men, and remember, too, that no boy ever left the farm who did not in the long years afterward long for the dear old spot of his childhood.

LXV.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to
view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
wildwood,

And every loved spot that my infancy
knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that
stood by it;

The bridge and the rock where the cataract
fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh
it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the
well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in the
well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treas-
ure;

For often at noon, when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,



The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
fell!

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to
receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my
lips!

Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habi-
tation,

The tears of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the
well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the
well.

Scōt'land villāge pīgeōns lōch drow'sy
mōr'sēl

LXVI.—OSCAR.

I.

On the west shore of Scotland is a lovely little sheet of water called a loch. It runs far up into the land. On one side great hills slope down into the water. On the other side of the loch is a little village. It is built almost on the edge of the loch.

At low tide banks of beautiful golden seaweed are left on the shore. On this seaweed great flocks of sea-gulls come to feed.

In the village lived a minister who had a dog named Oscar. No one lived with the minister. A woman named Janet cooked for him. Oscar and the minister were fast friends.

One of Oscar's great joys was to go down

to the shore when the tide was low and run at the flocks of sea-gulls feeding on the seaweed. He would scatter them in the air, making them look like a cloud of large snowflakes. This Oscar did again and again.

Oscar went with his master on almost all his journeys. One day the minister said,

“No, Oscar, lad! not to-day! not to-day! I can’t take you with me. You must stay in the yard. No run by the loch this afternoon, lad! ’Tis too long, and you are not so strong as you were. We are growing old together, Oscar.”

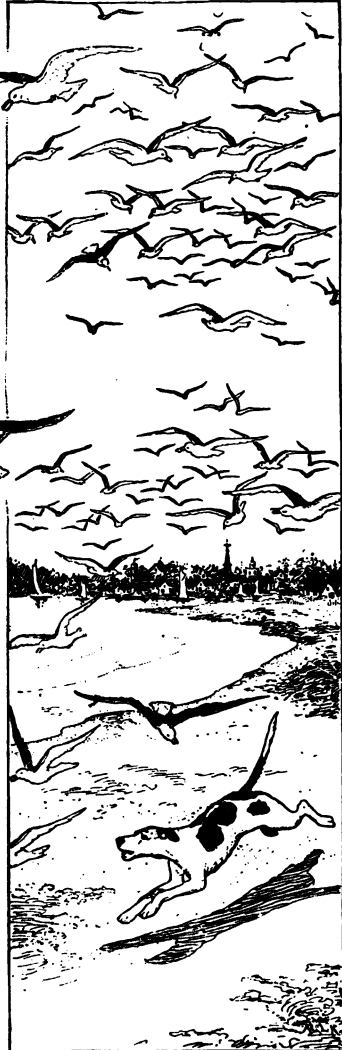
The dog watched his master till he crossed the little bridge and went up into the glen. Then he lay down to rest. Janet had gone to visit at a friend’s house. Oscar was left alone. He began to feel drowsy.

“The gulls will be feeding on the banks now! How I wish—” and his eyes closed. He was sound asleep. He dreamed that he was dashing along the shore in the midst of a great flock of gulls, when— what? White feathers! Two gulls! Was he still dreaming? No; the gulls were real! What

luck! He could not go to the gulls, so the gulls had come to him.

He made a rush at the two white birds. They did not fly! "What stupid old gulls they are!" thought Oscar. "They are too stupid to fly."

And, indeed, the birds did not fly. They fluttered about, and at last fell over. Oscar was now greatly frightened. Could it be that he had killed them? What would his kind master say? Oscar could never tell how those birds came to be in his yard.



He decided to put the gulls out of sight. He dragged them to one side of the cottage where the minister tried each year to grow a few plants. Here in the soft earth Oscar dug a grave for the dead birds.

Then he went back to his old place and waited for his master to return.

II.

When Oscar saw his old master come slowly up the street, he longed for the first time in his life to be able to speak. He wanted to tell his faithful old friend all about the dead birds.

As the minister entered his yard, a woman came running to tell him that Oscar had killed the two pigeons which her son had just sent her, and which had escaped from their cage.

The minister did not know that the poor pigeons had almost perished on the journey; that they broke their cage, flew into Oscar's yard, and died. Neither did Oscar know this. But the good minister sent the woman home, feeling sure Oscar did not kill her pigeons.

Then the old minister went out to see the sunset. Great bands of thick gray clouds

wrapped the hilltops in their folds, and lay in long lines across the western waters. The minister looked away from the sunset and his eye fell on a little mound in his flower bed.

"What did I plant there?" he thought, and began poking the fresh soil with his cane.

"Oscar! Oscar!"

Oscar came running down the path. He knew he had done an act he could not explain. He was very sad. He made up his mind to dig up the birds and take a good beating from his master.

Alas! he was too late. There stood his beloved master in the twilight, with the two white pigeons at his feet.

"Oh, Oscar, Oscar, what have you been doing?"

At that moment a lad came running up to the gate.

"Are you the minister?" asked the lad. "Sandy Johnson wants you quick."

It was no time to think of pigeons. Sandy Johnson was very sick. The old minister was soon on his way across the loch and up a glen to Sandy's home. For two nights he sat by

Sandy's side, praying and caring for him. Sandy grew better and the minister set out for home.

A fierce snowstorm came on. The boat made but little way. Cold and tired, the minister thought of his warm room, and Oscar lying by his easy chair.

He reached the shore at last and hurried to his gate and pushed along to the door. Oscar did not greet him. What could it mean?

"Janet, Janet," he called, as he opened the door, "where is Oscar?"

There were tears in Janet's eye as she said, "Ah, sir; after you had gone with the lad to Sandy's house, Oscar would not come into the house and he would not touch a morsel of food. He lay quite still in the garden, and last night he died. It is my belief, sir, he died of a broken heart, because you did not beat him for killing the pigeons, and he could not make it up with you."

And the minister thought so too. When Janet was gone he sat down by his lonely fire-side and buried his face in his hands and wept.

fū'tūre ānx'ioŭs cōm'rādes ōc cā'sion
ūse'ful nēss cōn'tēst cāb'ln ēd'ī tor



LXVII.—A BOY WHO LOVED BOOKS.

Some boys think they need not plan for their life work until they are grown up. Some boys, perhaps, do not think of the future at all. But a few boys begin early to fit themselves for great usefulness.

Horace Greely was a thoughtful boy. His boyhood home was on a farm. He was fonder of books than of farm life. He learned to

read so early that at the age of four years he could read almost any book.

He went to the country school near by. Here he was in the spelling class with the largest pupils. He was the best speller in the class. It made the large scholars feel ashamed to be trapped by little Horace. He was so anxious to do well that he cried when he missed a word.

He went to the spelling schools at night. Here Horace was always the first one to be chosen. Sometimes the little fellow would fall asleep in the contest. When his turn came his comrades would waken him. He would spell his word, and then fall asleep again.

When he was five years old it is said that he would take a book and go out into the orchard, lie down on the grass, and read for an entire day, forgetting all about his dinner or his supper.

In those days there were no lamps. People used candles. Horace's parents could not afford to buy as many candles as the boy needed. Horace gathered pine knots and made a fire of

them, from the light of which he read far into the night.

When the boy was ten years of age, his father was so poor that his land was sold. The family then went to Vermont and lived in a poor little cabin. Horace still loved books, and walked seven miles on one occasion to borrow a book.

The boy had grown tall. His hair was white. He was shabbily dressed, and very poor. But he longed to be a printer. He thought it would be a great thing to make books and papers.

One day he heard that a Mr. Bliss, the owner of a newspaper, wanted a boy to learn the printer's trade. Horace walked many miles to see about it. He found Mr. Bliss at work in his garden.

"I heard you wanted a boy," said Horace.

"Do you want to learn to print?" asked Mr. Bliss.

"I do," was the boy's answer.

"But a printer ought to know a great many things," said Mr. Bliss. "Have you been to school much?"

"No; I have not had much chance at school, but I have read some books," answered the boy.

Then Mr. Bliss began to ask Horace questions. He was surprised to find that this tow-headed boy knew a great deal more than most men know. Horace was set to work in the office. The other boys laughed at him. But he worked on, day after day, and said nothing.

Years afterward the world honored Horace Greely as the greatest newspaper editor in America. He had not spent the long winter nights with books and pine knots for nothing. His youthful industry made possible his useful life.

LXVIII.—DUTY.

I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

LXIX.—PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

“Pipe a song about a lamb:”
So I piped with merry cheer,
“Piper, pipe that song again:”
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—”
So he vanish’d from my sight;
And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain’d the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

LXX.—WRITTEN IN MARCH.



The cock is crow-
ing,
The stream is flow-
ing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The ploughboy is whooping—anou—anon:
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone!

strēched howl'ng bā rōm'ē tēr prō vīde'
 prānks tūft ād vīse'

LXXI.—THE STORY OF A FROG.

I.

Just seventy years ago a French gentleman, named Alexandre De Camps, decided to spend a few days in the meadows hunting birds. He did not own a dog. He went to a man who sold dogs and bought one named Love. The dealer declared that Love was a first-class bird dog, and Alexandre took the dog home with him.

The next morning the hunter was away bright and early, followed by Love. Now every one knows that the duty of a bird dog is to run through the fields in search of birds, and not to count the nails in his master's boots. So Alexandre said to Love, "Seek! Seek!"

Love at once stood up on his hind legs and began to dance. "Dear me," said the hunter, "it appears that Love is a dancer as well as a hunter."

But Love was brought out that morning to point for birds. To point means to sight a bird and then stand still, looking steadily at the bird in the grass, till the hunter comes and shoots at the bird. Then the dog is to run and get the bird.

Alexandre again said, "Seek! Seek!"

Love stretched himself on the grass at full length and appeared to be dead.

"This is all very pretty," said the hunter; "but, my friend, this is not the time for these pranks. We are here to shoot—let us shoot. Come, get up."

Love did not move.

"Wait a bit," said the hunter, as he picked

a stick from the ground, "I will help you to your duty."

But no sooner did Love see the stick in his master's hand than he gave a loud bark, sprang up, and leaped over the stick.

Alexandre was angry. He gave Love a good beating and the dog ran howling away. But see! Love is at last doing his duty. Away he goes, his tail up, his head to the ground.

His master ran after him as rapidly as he could. Suddenly Love stopped and began to point. The happy hunter ran to the dog, saw that his eyes were carefully set on a tuft of grass, and thought he saw a young bird hidden there. Alexandre was sure the bird was so young that he could take it alive. He laid down his gun, and, creeping near, flung his cap over it. Then he put his hand under the cap and drew out—a frog.

II.

At first Alexandre was very angry. Then, again, he thought that as this was the only thing he had to show for a whole day's sport,

he ought to keep it. So he put it into his game bag, and carried it home. He put it into an empty glass jar, and poured water over it.

That evening a friend called to see Alex-



andre. This friend was a doctor. He saw the frog in the jar.

"Ah," said the doctor, "so you have something new;" and he walked to the table and took a good look at the frog.

"If you had a dozen of them we might make a dinner of their legs; but as it is, we will make of this one a barometer. Bring me some bullets, two flat bits of wood, and a dozen matches."

Alexandre was surprised at what the doctor said, but he obeyed, and soon the doctor was at work.

“What in the world are you making?” asked Alexandre.

“I’m making a ladder,” answered the doctor.

And sure enough, that is what he did make. He fastened the bits of wood into the bullets. Between the bits of wood he fastened the matches. They made the rounds of the ladder. When it was made the doctor put it into the jar. The weight of the bullets kept it on the bottom.

As soon as the frog found the ladder was in the jar it climbed up to the top.

“We shall have rain,” said the doctor.

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Alexandre, “and I wanted to go hunting with Love again.”

“The frog advises you to stay at home,” remarked the doctor.

“How so?”

“My dear friend, I have provided you with a very good barometer. When you see the

frog climb to the top of the ladder, you may be sure it will rain. When the frog remains at the bottom, you may count on fine weather. If it climbs up half way, do not go out without an umbrella."

"Dear me, dear me," said Alexandre. "Can this be so? I shall watch that barometer every day." And he did. The doctor was right. The frog always told the weather by its place on the ladder.

phăn'tóm gŏs'sà mēr plūmes spīn'ning
hālŏ fěath'ērs vā'cānt

LXXII.—DANDELION-DOWN.

Floss-Hair ran out to play in the sunshine among the dandelions. Grandmamma watched her from the doorway where she sat spinning—her little bright head in its halo of silky gold. Suddenly Floss-Hair paused, and turned a questioning glance toward the doorway.

Grandmamma looked very lovely to Floss-Hair from where she stood. A silvery sun-

beam danced around her spinning wheel, so that she seemed to spin behind a veil of gossamer; and in her gray dress, with her quiet eyes smiling out from under her white, smooth hair, she was more than beautiful.

Floss-Hair broke a downy seed globe from its stalk, and blew it one, two, three times. The plumes fluttered around her in the air; not one was left on the stem. "Grandmamma wants me," she said, and ran back to the door.

"What was it stopped your play, little one?"

"Why, there is scarcely a dandelion left there in the grass, and in their places are rows of round gray heads, standing up like ghosts. Why need flowers die, grandmamma?"

"Did you see where the seed feathers went, Floss-Hair, when you blew them from the stem?"

"Oh, into the air, to sail off on the clouds, perhaps."

"No, no, dear; some of them glided away to hide under the velvet grass of the lawn, where they will sleep all summer and all winter, and next spring will come out again,

wide-awake young dandelions. And see there, the yellow-birds are taking the gray plumes to weave into the lining of their nests, and hundreds of little shivering birds will be thankful another year that the golden blossoms were changed to dandelion-down."

"So the dandelions are spinning silk to line the birds' nests with," said Floss-Hair; "and grandmamma sits and spins for me. Dear grandmamma, your hair is gray and soft like dandelion-down,—I hope no cruel wind will ever blow you away from me."

"But, little one, my hair was once all fly-away gold, like yours. Call me Dandelion-Down,—the phantom of a little Floss-Hair that played among the meadow blossoms seventy years ago."

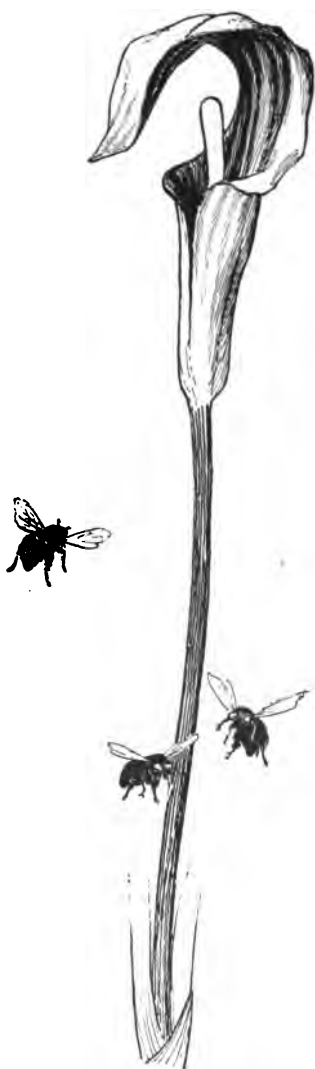
"No, no, grandmamma; I will not call Dandelion-Down a ghost any more; it is a little, common, yellow flower turned to an angel, scattering blessings about the world, like a white-haired grandmamma I know, who has kind words always ready to give everybody. If people could only be sure of growing good and lovely as they grow old!"

The next spring little Floss-Hair strayed silently among the dandelions, for the chair in the doorway was vacant, and the spinning wheel was still. But the child's heart was not wholly sad. Her memory was a nest of warm and tender thoughts that seemed fluttering back to her from the dear, silver-haired friend, now one of the white angels of heaven.

à nĕm'ô nĕ cǎn'ô pŷ řěv'ěr ence gôr'geoŭs
 děa'cons prô fānelŷ sŭrplĭce
 sĕn'tĭ nĕls ěx pound'

LXXIII.—JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Jack in the pulpit
 Preaches to-day
 Under the green trees
 Just over the way.
 Squirrels and song-sparrow
 High on their perch
 Hear the sweet lily-bells
 Ringing to church.



Come, hear what his reverence

Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.

Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Pencilled by Nature's hand,
Black, brown and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.
In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee.

Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres—
Low singing bird voices—
These are his choirs. \
The violets are deacons—
I know by the sign

That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine;
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents,—children,
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wildwood geraniums,
All in their best,

Languidly leaning,
In purple gauze dressed;—
All are assembled,
This sweet Sabbath day,
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Look! what Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher,
The mischief is stopped;
But the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of the church.
So much for the preacher;
The sermon comes next.

Shall we tell how he preached it
And what was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play

At worship in churches
 Man-built to-day,
 We heard not the preacher
 Expound or discuss;
 But we looked at the people,
 And they looked at us.

We saw all their dresses,
 Their colors and shapes,
 The trim of their bonnets,
 The cut of their capes.
 We heard the wind-organ,
 The 'bee and the bird,
 But of Jack in the Pulpit
 We heard not a word.

pōur'ŋg fōr'tū nāte cēr'tain mīs fōr'tūnes
 nār'rōw lǎ tǎi'lōr

LXXIV.—THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

In a small village lived a poor old woman.
 One day she gathered a dish of beans, which
 she wished to cook for her dinner. So she

made a fire upon the hearth and threw a handful of straw upon it to make the fire burn more quickly.

As she was pouring the beans into the pot, one of them dropped upon the floor and rolled near a straw. Soon after this a glowing coal popped from the fire, and fell near the straw and the bean.

The straw began to speak: "Good friends, where did you come from?"

"I had the good luck to spring from the fire," answered the coal. "If I had not had the strength to leap away, my death was certain, for I should have been burnt to ashes."

"I also narrowly escaped with a whole skin," said the bean; "for if the old woman had put me in the kettle, I should have been cooked to pieces, like my comrades."

"And I too!" cried the straw, "my fate would have been no better. All my brothers went up in the fire and smoke. The old woman seized sixty at one time and took away their lives. How fortunate for me that I slipped through her fingers."

"What shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," said the bean, "that we were fortunate in escaping together. Let us keep together as good friends, leave this place, and travel into strange lands."

This pleased the straw and the coal, and they set out at once on their travels. They



had not gone far until they came to a small stream. There was neither bridge nor boat. They did not know how to get to the other side of the stream. Finally the straw said:

"I will throw myself across the stream, and you can walk over me as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from one

bank to the other, and the coal, who was hot-headed, walked boldly out on the new-made bridge. When he reached the middle he became frightened, stopped, and dared not move another step.

The straw began to burn, and, breaking into two pieces, fell into the stream. The coal tumbled head foremost after him. They were both drowned.

The bean saw all this, and was so amused that she laughed loud and long. Now a bean should never laugh at the misfortunes of others, and so it happened that as she laughed her sides suddenly burst!

Her fate would have been no better than that of the straw and the coal had it not been for a tailor who happened to be resting near the stream. He felt sorry for the little bean when he saw her burst in two, and, taking out his needle and thread, he hastily sewed her together.

The bean thanked the tailor for his goodness; but as he used black thread to sew her up, from that day to this every bean has a black mark upon it.

à cǎd'ě mǔ sǎtch'ěls crēak'ing swāy'ing
 nīght' in gǎle grāc'e'fūl



LXXV.—THE PINE TREE ACADEMY.

All the birdies went to school,
 In a pine tree, dark and cool,
 At its foot a brook was flowing.

The teacher was a crow,
 And what he did not know,
 You may be sure was not worth knowing.

Their satchels are hanging up tidy and neat,
 They smooth down their feathers and wipe off
 their feet,
 While the wind through the tree-top goes
 creeping.

“Speak up loud,” says the crow,
“I can’t hear, as you know,
While the branches are swaying and creak-
ing.”

They are taught the very best way to fly,
To catch the insect that goes buzzing by;
How to cock the head when beginning to sing.
“I’ve a cold,” says the crow,
“Or else I would show
How the nightingale does when he makes the
woods ring.”

The books are made of maple leaves,
For paper, bark from white-birch trees,
And for pencil each uses a stick.
“When you write,” says the crow,
“Be both careful and slow.
Make your letters look graceful, not thick.”

Every birdie builds a nest,
In the place each thinks the best,
While the teacher gives good sound advice.
“All the sticks,” says the crow,
“You must lay in a row;
Before using one, look at it twice.”

All at once, with a cold blast,
 The rain comes falling, thick and fast,
 While the old pine tree groans in the gale.

“School is closed,” says the crow,
 “You must all quickly go,
 But to-morrow, come back without fail.”

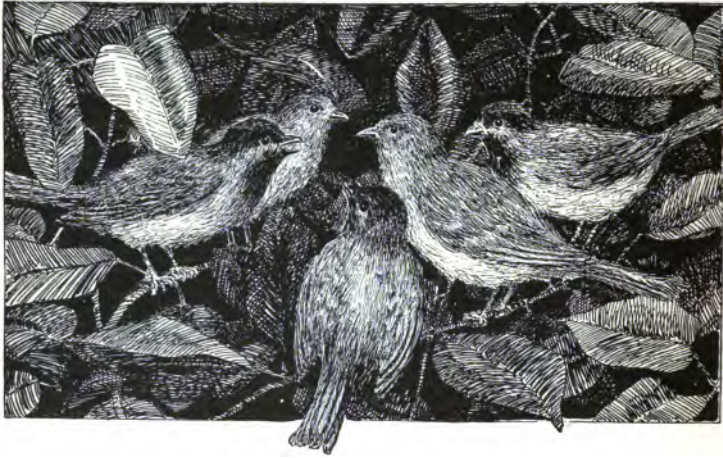
wickěd měsh'es ěs cāpe' rŭb'bĭsh crāftŭ
 moun taĭn ēēr'

LXXVI.—THE FOUR YOUNG SPARROWS.

A sparrow once had four young ones in a swallow's nest. Just as they were fledged some wicked boys tore the nest down. Happily the little birds fluttered away without having received any harm. But the mother sparrow was very unhappy because her children had gone out into the world without being warned of the dangers that awaited them, and without being taught how to escape.

Autumn came, and a large number of sparrows met in a wheat-field. Here, to the mother's great joy, she found her young ones, and took them home with her.

"Alas! my dear children," she said, "what great sorrow you have caused me this summer, because you flew away before I could give you any advice. Listen to my words now; and



obey me in all I say. Little birds have to meet many dangers."

Then she asked the largest one where he had spent the summer and how he had fared.

"I stayed in the garden," he replied, "and lived on worms and caterpillars till cherries were ripe."

"Digging with the bill is not bad pastime," said the mother bird, "but there is great

danger in a garden. Beware of people who walk around carrying a long green stick that is hollow and has a hole in the top."

"And what if there is a green leaf on the hole, covered with wax?" asked the young one.

"Where did you see that?"

"In the merchant's garden."

"O, my child!" exclaimed the mother, "merchants are cunning people. But if you have been among the world's people, you have learned enough of their crafty ways. Make good use of your knowledge, and do not take any risks."

Then she asked another where he had been living.

"At court," was the reply.

"That is no place for sparrows and silly little birds," said the mother. "There one finds gold and silks and velvets; but your place is out in the stables, where the grain is scattered, and you can pick up your living in peace."

"Yes," answered the young bird, "but when the stable boys weave the straw into knots and meshes, many a bird gets hanged."

“Where did you see that?”

“Among the stable boys at court.”

“O, my son!” cried his mother, “stable-boys are bad boys. If you have been among such people without losing a feather, you are prepared to go out into the world alone. But keep a sharp lookout; the wolves often eat the most clever little dogs.”

Then she called the third one and asked, “Where have you found your living?”

“On the highways and streets,” was the answer. “I look among the rubbish and often find a grain of corn or barley.”

“Indeed,” said the old bird, “that is fine food, but you must watch your chance. Look sharp; and when you see any one stoop to pick up a stone, it is time to fly away.”

“That is true,” said the young bird: “but what if one carries stones in his pockets to throw at you?”

“Where have you seen that?”

“The mountaineers, dear mother, when they travel about from place to place, carry stones in this manner.”

“The mountaineers are rough people, my

child," she replied. "If you have been among mountaineers, you have learned many things.

"Fly away, little sparrow;
But away from his home,
Mind, many a sparrow
Has been killed by a stone."

At last she turned to the smallest one :

"But you, my little nestling, who were always so weak and so fearful, you must remain with me. Out in the great world are great birds with crooked beaks and long claws. They are always watching for little birds like you. Stay at home with me, keep the spiders and the caterpillars from the trees, and you will be happy."

"My dear mother," he replied, "he who gets his food without injury to others will live long. Neither hawk nor eagle will do him any harm. The dear God, who made all the birds of the forest and of the towns, will give him his daily food, for He hears the young raven's cry, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice."

"Where did you learn that?" asked the mother.

“When I was driven away from home last summer,” he replied, “I made my home in a church, and kept the windows clear of flies and spiders. There I heard those words. The Father of all sparrows has fed me and saved me from all fierce birds.”

“Well said, my dear child,” answered the mother bird. “Fly back to the church. Keep the windows clear of flies and spiders, chirp to God, as the ravens do, and ask Him daily to care for you; for,

“All who trust in God each day,
And kind and gentle are,
With faith, from evil to be free,
To them God will a helper be.”

bēavēr frōlŷc āntlērs flēcked haunch'es
pal'pī tā ted ęx ūlt'ed I ä'gōō

LXXVII.—HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets—
How they built their nests in summer,

Where they hid themselves in winter ;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them " Hiawatha's chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets—
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid ;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them " Hiawatha's brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"
Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river ;
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,

Saw two nostrils point to windward ;
And a deer came down the pathway
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.



Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,

But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
 Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow !
 Like a wasp it buzzed, and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
 By the ford across the river ;
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted
 As he bore the red deer homeward.

wēen crŭm'blŭng dāin'tŷ mōuld'ēr ŭng
 hāle buŭld'ŭng

LXXVIII.—THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones de-
 cayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;

And the mouldering dust that years have
made

Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works de-
cayed,

And nations scattered been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

LXXIX.—WORDS OF PURE GOLD.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul :
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies :
Thou anointest my head with oil : my cup
runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life :
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
for ever.





RD READER

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